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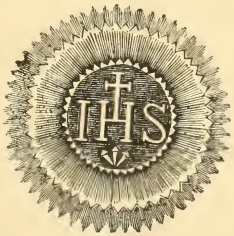
A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. I.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
1872.

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. II., No. 3.

MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

In the chapel of the College of St. Ildefonso, one of the four which the Society had in the City of Mexico until its expulsion, June, 1767, hangs a half-length picture of St. Francis Xavier, a true work of art and most devotional in expression. It was quite usual at one time for devout persons to come to the chapel at night to pray and discipline themselves before this image. On the night of the 6th of March, in the year 1670, two of the Collegians, D. Pedro Vidarte and D. Maximiliano Pro, who had come to the chapel for the pious purpose just mentioned, were astonished at seeing the countenance of the Holy Apostle shooting forth bright flames, as if on fire. They drew nearer to ascertain the cause of the strange appearance, when the bright inflamed color of the face quickly changed to a deadly paleness. The young men hastened to commu-

nicate the wonderful occurrence to the Rector of the College, Father José Vidal, who at once hastened to the chapel, with all the students, to verify the statement. One of the party, Father Prudencio de Mesa, Professor of Philosophy in the *Colegio Maximo*, testified on oath that for several days before he had noticed, while saying Mass at the Saint's altar, that the face of the picture seemed to sweat profusely, but mistrusting the avouchment of his own senses in so strange and important a matter he had abstained from mentioning the fact until it was now brought to notice by the testimony of so many eye-witnesses. He now put on a surplice and approaching the picture wiped off the perspiration, which, notwithstanding, continued to flow freely for several days. The Rector instituted a careful examination to ascertain whether the strange occurrence might not be due to some dampness in the walls; but they were perfectly dry, and moreover the other pictures which hung around that of the Saint were in no way affected; the pallor which had overspread the Saint's countenance remained, though the hands retained their former color. There was no doubt then, in the minds of all, that the event was clearly miraculous; and though, at the time, there was nothing that could throw any light upon the causes that might lead to so wonderful a manifestation, it was afterwards generally believed to portend the martyrdom of the venerable and apostolic Father Diego Luis de Sanvitores, which occurred one year later in the Mariana Islands. This belief was founded on the very intimate relations which had existed between the holy martyr and Father Vidal, who was at that time Procurator of the Mariana Mission.

The Rector, desirous to foster and increase the devotion towards the holy Apostle to which this remarkable occurrence had given a new impetus, sent for a very skilful artist to prepare and to decorate a special chapel for the reception of the miraculous image; but, impatient of the delay which

attended the execution of his orders, he had the picture removed to the spendid altar of St. Francis in the chapel of the *Colegio Maximo*, where it remained several years. Many copies of it were made to satisfy the devotion of those who had witnessed the miracle or who wished to testify their devotion to this new Thaumaturgus of the Church. Later, the College of St. Ildefonso asserted its right to the possession of the precious work of art, which was accordingly transferred to the new and magnificent chapel of the college and set up in a costly silver frame at the expense of Dr. Manuel Rojo, Canon of the Metropolitan church and a distinguished alumnus of the college. Many signal favors were bestowed upon the college in return for the honors paid to the Saint. One, taken at random from the many recorded, may suffice to show how efficacious was the aid of him whom the college had taken as the protector, especially of the general health of the house.

In the year 1725, a violent epidemic fever of a very malignant type was raging in the city, most of the cases proving fatal. Sixty of the students were attacked besides the Minister, Father Antonio de Figueroa. The miraculous picture was borne in procession to the rooms of the patients, but whether through forgetfulness, or inadvertence, or perhaps, by some special disposition of divine Providence, the picture was not brought to Father de Figueroa: moreover, in confirmation of the latter supposition, an old father of the *Colegio Maximo*, on discovering this omission, went on three different occasions to the College of St. Ildefonso for the express purpose of taking the picture to Father Figueroa, but at each visit his mind was completely diverted from the principal object of his coming, by a number of incidental occurrences or occupations. Not one of the students died: Father de Figueroa was the only victim of the disease in the College, though he left behind him a strong conviction, founded on his religious virtue and his fervently pious preparation for death, that he had but passed from temporal to eternal life.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PART SECOND.

The year 1800 opened in Philadelphia with four churches, St. Joseph's and her eldest daughters, St. Mary's, Holy Trinity and St. Augustine's, which last had been lately dedicated. The daughters were all considerably larger and handsomer than the mother, with pretensions to architectural beauty. Two of them are still standing but the third, ere she had reachd the mature age of forty-five, perished, not through decay, but by the hands of rioters. The first and second were gifts to the Philadelphians; the third and fourth were erected from their offerings with some assistance from Europe. Especially was this the case with regard to St. Augustine's; for Very Rev. Father Carr, when coming to America, brought with him in the form of £. *s.* *d.* solid marks of the confidence of his Order.

After the suppression of our Society in 1773, the material help received from the English Province ceased and the ever to be lamented system of trusteeism was introduced into Philadelphia. This evil became, as it were, ingrafted into the spirit of Church government when in 1788, St. Mary's Church was chartered by the legislature of the State of Pennsylvania. During the first third of this century it was the evil of the diocese, hanging over its fair fields of budding promise, like an unsightly mist obscuring the beauty of the scene, and debarring the warmth and light that the rising sun of our religion had begun so propitiously to shed on the region it had destined to be so fruitful in the future. In 1797 its first pernicious germ showed itself in Trinity Church, and for sixty years it made

that congregation a continual cause of anxiety to *the rulers of the house of the Lord*, until the saintly Bishop Neumann, by a masterly piece of policy obtained for this Church a new charter, dispensing with trustees and placing the government of its temporalities in its pastors, appointed by the Bishop. There are now, I think, in the Diocese of Philadelphia, but two churches with trustees, St. Mary's and St. Michael's; those of the latter have never given any trouble, and those of the former, a few years since, entered into an arrangement by which the pastor is virtually the board of trustees.

At this time all the priests of Philadelphia, with the exception of those interdicted at Holy Trinity, resided at St. Joseph's. From the Baptismal and Marriage Registries we find thirteen officiating there at times during the year; viz.—Very Rev. Mathew Carr, O. S. A., D. D., V. G., Pastor of Sts. Joseph's, Mary's and Augustine's, Rev. John Rossiter, O. S. A., Fr. A. T. R. Fm De Kersauson de Kerjean, ptre Cath. Rom., Rev. George Staunton, O. S. A., Rev. John Bourke, Rev. Bartholomew Augustine M'Mahon, O. S. A., Rev. Peter Helborn, Rev. Nicholas Brennan, Rev. Francis Beeston, Rev. D. Boury, Rev. Philip Stafford, O. S A., Rev William O'Brien and Rev. Michael Lacy. Of these the first three seem to have been the regular pastors of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, the others officiating at St. Augustine's and on the missions.

During the previous year, the mission at Trenton had been commenced by Rev. D. Boury. The first baptism in that City, which now counts its thousands of Catholics, with three fine churches, schools, a hospital, and an asylum, is thus recorded in St. Joseph's Registry :* Die 4a Oct. 1799 a Revdo. D. Boury, Trenton New Jersey, Joannes Warren, natus de Joanne et Anna Mount c. c. l. c. Susceptoribus Francisco de Mouzeuil et Margarita Charlotta D'Auquin Reynard.

* Bapt. Registry pag. 334.

The first Philadelphian made a Christian in the nineteenth century seems to have been a negro slave:* "1800. Januarii Die 1a a Rev. M. Carr—Caesar, natus 13a Sept. 1799 de Josephina Ducombe. Patrino Emanuele Torres."

In 1790 most of the German families, who had worshipped at St. Joseph's from the time of Father Schneider, S. J. left and took pews in the German Church of Holy Trinity. But the troubles between the Trustees and the Ecclesiastical Authorities caused many of them in 1801 to return, and their names are again found in the Registries.

In the Baptismal Registry for 1802 we find this record: "1802. Oct. 17a a Rev. M. Carr. Isaac Augustinus Hayes natus die 21a Aug. h. a. de Patricio, Cath. et Elizabeth Keen, Acath. Susceptor fuit Joannes Barry."† The God-father was the celebrated Commodore John Barry Father of the American Navy. And the father of the Child, Patrick Hayes, was on the mother's side connected with the family of St. Francis de Sales. He it was who presented to Father Barbelin, S. J. a portrait, taken from life, of this great saint.

In the following month Father Rossiter received into the church a distinguished convert: Nov. 28a a. R. I. Rossiter, Cornelius Tiers natus in statu New York a viginti circiter duobis annis, cooptatus fuit in ecclesiam; patrinus fuit Timotheus Collins ‡. Mr. Tiers became a firm and leading Catholic. His descendants to the third generation are still respected in the diocese. For many years he was the coadjutor of Father Hurley, O. S. A., in providing for the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum, which Father Leonard Neale, of St. Joseph's Church, had established in 1797, but which in the early years of this century had a hard struggle to maintain its existence.

Sometime during this year, Very Rev. Father Carr removed from St. Joseph's to the pastoral Residence of St. Augustine's, a house in N. Fourth Street, immediately south

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*Baptismal Registry, p. 337. † Do. p. 148. ‡ Do.

of the Church. He left Rev. Raphael Fitzpatrick, as pastor of St. Joseph's, with Father Rossiter, O. S. A., and Rev. Michael Lacy as his assistants. He, however, continued Vicar General, and to a certain extent, Administrator of Philadelphia and the missions. Father Carr was a man of untiring zeal, much loved by those who knew him, but too dignified to please the *vulgus profanum.* He was in all respects a man of learning and virtue, but Father Rossiter it was who gained the hearts of the people. It has been my happiness to comfort the last hours of some of the venerable Catholics of Philadelphia, who having known me almost from infancy, and my father and mother before me, found great pleasure in talking with me of the early days of St. Joseph's Church. My delight in listening was no less than theirs in narrating. Father Carr, Father John Bourke, Father Nick Brennan and Father Stafford are all familiar names, but Fr. Rossiter's is the name that lingers most fondly on the lip and often draws tears from the eye. One octogenary who died lately, Sept. 9th, 1872, and of whom, I think, I will have occasion to speak hereafter, forgetting the passage of time, would imagine me Fr. Rossiter, and throwing his arms around my neck, try to call to my recollection the times when his saintly mother and mine roved, hand-in-hand, the verdant fields of Connaught. The old man himself was my mother's senior by twelve years, and I do not think she was ever out of the Middle States —She may have been in Maryland.

1803 finds the priests of St. Joseph's and St. Augustine's two distinct families, but most agreeable neighbors. And so, thank God, they have ever continued, members of two great orders, laboring for the same great object, and indulging no petty jealousies.

In the early part of this year, Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., arrived in Philadelphia. He came to supersede Very Rev. Dr. Carr, O. S. A., in the Vicar-general-ship, but at Father Carr's desire and, I think, at his request. He spent

some days at St. Augustine's Residence, and preached on Sunday in the Church, wearing the habit and cord of St. Francis. On this occasion, I have been told, Fr. Carr for the first time, assumed the dress of the Augustinians, and was present in the Sanctuary: Father Paul Stafford, O. S. A. sang the mass. Neither Father Carr nor the loved Father Hurley, his successor in the superiorship of the Augustinians, wore the habit of their order as their ordinary dress, but only on occasions appeared in it.

The first official act of Vicar General Michael Egan, O. S. F., was a baptism whose record will be interesting, as being the first performed by him, who was afterwards Philadelphia's first Bishop. 1803 11a Aprilis, a Rev. M. Egan, Hanna Mullins nata 3a Aprilis 1803 Phila. de Jacobo Mullins et Barbara Murray c. c. L. c. Susceptores fuere Dionisius M'Makin et Catharina Murray.*

I have heard an old lady, whose name I have forgotten, speak of Father Egan's appearance. Her recollections of him, I cannot say how much to be depended on, present him as tall, spare, but very straight, nearly six feet high, of sallow complexion, with very black curly hair, mild, pleasing countenance, with eyes modestly cast down. His "memory" certainly "is with praises", in the Church of Philadelphia. Even when a boy, I felt an interest in the first Bishop of my native city, my friends had not seen him, but had heard much of him. A current story of the time was his having been seen in a rapture or an ecstacy, before the picture of St. Francis, then and now, in the room called "the front parlor" of St. Joseph's. In boyhood, I often heard the account of this ecstacy, from old friends, and my venerable friend of Connaught-rambles-reminiscences, twice referred to it. The general recollection seemed to be that Bishop Egan was mild in appearance as he was saintly in character.

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* Baptismal Registry, p. 284.

For a short while, Rev. Mr. Egan had the assistance of Rev. Ambrose Marshal, twin-brother of our Brother Joseph Marshal, but he soon sent him to the missions in the interior of the state where he did much good.

The baptisms of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's this year numbered 284.

On the 25th of April, 1804, we find a baptism by Rev. Michael Hurley, O. S. A.,* only remarkable as showing that then, as ever since have existed good feelings between the pastors of St. Augustine's and St. Joseph's, and as the first performed by that holy man in St. Joseph's Church. I wish the bounds I have placed to my religious gossip would but allow me to relate some of the accounts of this remarkable priest, who, in very difficult times, was the evangelizer of Philadelphia.

In the latter part of 1808 the distinguished Dominican Father, William Vincent Harold, O. S. D., arrived to assist Fathers Egan, O. S. F., and Rossiter, O. S. A. The first notice of his presence at St. Joseph's is a nuptial blessing given to John Ward and Rebeca Ward on the 25th of Nov.† These three Reverend gentlemen, members of three different orders, each as peculiar in his personal appearance as in his natural disposition, and each holy in his own manner, lived together, for three years in the most perfect harmony. "Having gifts differing according to the grace which is given them," but each being "zealous for the better gifts." The saintly and scholarly Franciscan, gentle as a Sister of Mercy, but timorous, fearful of giving offense, remaining much at home, but equally accessible to poor and rich. The beloved and bustling Augustinian, abroad much of the time, but working "the works of God," visiting more in the hovels of Shippen and German Streets, than in the stately mansions of East Fourth Street. And the eloquent and elegant Dominican, who whilst "the

* Baptismal Registry, p. 230. † Marriage Registry, p. 76.

father of the orphans and the judge of the widows," was frequently found in the drawing room, or as it was then called the parlor, and at the social board of those whom Providence had blessed with an abundance of this world's goods.

For nearly forty years the Catholics of the South-eastern part of the City had, on Sundays, attended divine service at St. Mary's Church, but the gentleness of Father Egan and the eloquence of Father Harold had attracted such numbers, that in 1809 it was resolved to enlarge the church. This enlargement was begun in the Spring and finished in the Autumn of 1810, giving St. Mary's Church its present noble dimensions.

On the 20th of October of this year, Fathers Egan and Harold went to Baltimore, leaving Rev. Patrick Kenny with the care of St. Mary's, while Father Rossiter still watched over St. Joseph's. On the 28th of this month, Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F. was consecrated, in Baltimore the first Bishop of Philadelphia, by Bishop John Carroll, assisted by Rt. Rev. Leonard Neale, former pastor of St. Joseph's. Father Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., preached the consecration sermon, and this he did at the particular request of the new prelate, who was accustomed to style him, "the brother of my heart."

They returned to this city in the latter part of November. Father Egan's first record, in his new character as Bishop, is: "Dec. 1a a Revsimo Michl Egan, James Bertrand Gardette natus Philadel. die 19a Dec. 1807 de James Gardette et Mary L. Carisse c. c. L. c. sus. fuerunt Bertrand Cuillavet et Fanny Louise Gardette." ‡

The entries of Bishop Egan in the different registries of St. Joseph's are remarkable for the peculiarity of the writing. They are perfectly neat and legible, but if gazed at for any length of time, they give one a sensation, as if reading with the book upside down.

‡ Baptismal Registry, p. 42.

One of the first acts of the new Bishop was to appoint Father Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., his Vicar-general.

In the month of April 1811, Rev. James Harold, O. S. D., uncle to the Vicar-general, arrived from Ireland and was stationed at St. Joseph's :—his first record being on April 18th.*

De Courcy says: "In 1810, it became necessary to enlarge the edifice (St. Mary's), and these new erections gave rise to conflicts of authority with the Bishop, at the same time that the trustees set up claims to be consulted in the choice of their pastors, and unfortunately, Father Harold and his uncle arrayed themselves in a measure against the Bishop. This was the more, to be regretted, as the younger Harold, though a man of eminent qualities and striking defects, was full of real eloquence and virtue, but marred his transcendent merit by the asperity of his temper."†

This statement, which has been copied by the estimable author of the "Lives of the Deceased Bishops," is incorrect in many particulars. The enlargement of St. Mary's was begun and ended, without any opposition from the trustees, before the consecration of Father Egan. At the time of the consecration the kindest feeling existed between the two priests, as evinced by Father Egan's requesting Father Harold to preach the consecration sermon and his afterwards appointing him as his Vicar-general, when very many thought Very Rev. Michael Hurley O. S. A., should have received that appointment. The elder Harold did not arrive in Philadelphia until nearly eighteen months after the enlargement was *un fait accompli.* "The right of appointing a pastor" was a difficulty brought upon the tapis in 1820 during the Hogan trouble. And as to the "anonymous printed appeals,‡ the first heard of them was during

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* Baptismal Registry, p. 74.

† The Catholic Church in the United States, p. 225.

‡ Vol. I. p. 191.

the correspondence between Father Harold, as Secretary to the second Bishop of Philadelphia, and the infamous Wm. Hogan. Father Harold denied from the pulpit of St. Joseph's, not only having been the author of such pamphlets, but that any such had been circulated, and called upon his accusers to produce one of them.*

Until 1800, the Catholics of Philadelphia, with the exception of a few families, the Hayes, Careys, Eslings, Meades, Barrys, Fitzsimmons, Moylans, O'Bryans, Powels and Keefes, were not only poor, but exceedingly humble as to their social standing. During the first decade of the century, many of them had been very successful in commerce and in mercantile pursuits, and, with the acquisition of wealth, put on the airs of the parvenu. One of the greatest objects of their ambition was to associate with the aristocratic members of the late "State Church." To be known by the members of St. Peter's was the ultima thule of their ambition.

St. Mary's, though exceedingly plain, the walls being painted a dull blue and the ceiling a more vivid shade of the same color, studded at regular intervals of twelve inches with very sleepy stars, was not devoid of architectural beauty, its arch is to the present day an object of envy to some of the architects of the country.

These new made gentlemen and ladies, who thought our Divine Saviour was not up to the age when He said, "No servant can serve two masters" and intended to show the Church and God that they could "serve God and mammon," at the same time, thought a fine church called for a fine preacher. Now, Father Harold was a fine preacher. "Yes, sir," said Mr. A, . . . "Father Harold is a fine preacher, he, sir, is an orator, sir." Two Latin sermons preserved in the Library of St. Joseph's attest his eloquence in the tongue of Cicero, as well as that of Hawthorne. He could not

* Mr. Eugene Murphy, a Hoganite, and at one time employed by the trustees of St. Mary's to correct Mr. Hogan's literary efforts.

however be in truth styled a very fluent speaker, as three weeks were required for the preparation and production of each sermon, every word of it having to be written and conned as by a school-boy. He was, at the time, the only polished speaker among the Catholic clergy. Mr. John R. G. Hassard, in his life of Archbishop Hughes, speaks of Father Harold and Dr. Hurley being both eloquent preachers. There are many in Philadelphia with whom Father Hurley is one whose "memory is in benediction," and who will descant by the hour on his virtues, but I have never met one who called him an orator.—He instructed by his words and preached most eloquently by his actions.

Wishing to monopolize to themselves Father Wm. Vincent Harold, the trustees determined to erect a pastoral residence near St. Mary's, and had already selected a lot at the S. W. corner of 4th and Prune streets, and entered into negotiations for the purchase of it. Father Wm. Vincent was pleased with the idea; Father James Harold warmly urged it—but Bishop Egan very wisely disapproved of it. First, as he saw no necessity for a separate residence; and, secondly, and principally, because the movement had been taken, not only without his approval as President of the Board of Trustees, but even without his being consulted.

This was the first act of insubordination of the Trustees of St. Mary's to their Bishop, and the one in which they were encouraged by Fathers Harold. Father Wm. Vincent was inclined to yield, but his uncle, Father James, influenced him to place himself in opposition to his former friend and present Bishop. This sad state of affairs lasted but for a short while, when, in 1813, the nephew and uncle returned to Ireland. The Sunday before their departure, Bishop Egan preached at St. Mary's, and stated that there had never been an unkind word between him and the "brother of his heart," and that he considered "Father James" the cause of all the trouble.*

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*Mr. John O'Keefe.

This occurred nearly a score of years before my appearance upon the stage of action, but at that time and for years afterwards my father was teacher of St. Joseph's Parochial School, living, with his young family, in a house almost adjoining the North East end of the Church, and was on the most intimate terms with all the clergymen, and had every opportunity of knowing the true state of the case. The financial system on which this school was conducted I would recommend to economical pastors. The teacher was permitted to rent a house (it being required that he should be a married man) and school, pay the rent, and teach a stipulated number of pupils, male and female, for the *honor* of being teacher of "St. Joseph's School,"—the pay he received from the other pupils to be his compensation.

The vacancy, caused by the departure of the Fathers Harold, was filled by Rev. Wm. O'Brien* and Patrick Kenny.†

In August of this year, 1813, we find a member of a fourth Religious order domiciled in the house of the Jesuit Greaton. "Die 29a Aug., a Rev. Patre Vincent de Paul, Trappista, Jane Haviland nata Philadelphiae, 24 huj. mens. de John Haviland et de Grace Glacken c. c. L. c. sus. fr. James McClosky et Anne Haviland."‡ This, I have been told, was a nephew of the Right Rev. Bishop. In September, the sacerdotal corps was increased by the arrival of the Rev. Charles Winters, who was soon sent to the missions. The good Rev. Terence M'Girr arrived in the middle of October.§ During my noviceship, it was said that our improvement in writing kept pace with our improvement in spirituality. I cannot imagine what must have been Rev. Mr. M'Girr's style, when he first began the spiritual life if such frightful hieroglyphics indicate his well-known, exalted virtue.

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* Baptismal Registry, p. 104. † Do. p. 128. ‡ Do. p. 138
§ Do. Do. p. 151.

In 1814, at the request of the Right Rev. Bishop, Rev. John Grassi S. J. visited St. Joseph's, and for a short time performed parochial duties.* It was not his intention to remain, but Bishop Egan had known him in Rome and, having a premonition of his death, requested a visit from him that he might assist him in his preparations for the final struggle. In Father Barbelin's collection was the letter of Father Grassi, dated at Georgetown College, accepting the invitation, a letter full of encouragement and breathing the spirit of an Apostle. He was accompanied by a Rev. Clement Garcia, whether a Jesuit I know not, and who appears to have administered the sacraments for but a short time.†

Bishop Egan until almost the very day of his death lamented the departure of Father Wm. Vincent Harold. In his last sickness he still called him, "the brother of my heart." And from his many affectionate remarks concerning him, I feel confident that if he had had the satisfaction of nominating his successor, Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., would have stood upon the list "dignissimus." The Right Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., First Bishop of Philadelphia died at St. Joseph's, on the 22nd of July, 1814, in Room No. 3., stretched in the form of a cross upon the floor before the picture of his loved patron, St. Francis of Assisium. He was universally regarded as a saint. His funeral took place at St. Mary's; Father Hurley, O. S. A., was his panegyrist, and, if I mistake not, Father Grassi, S. J., sang the Mass. The sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, whom he had introduced into the diocese, with the orphans from St. Joseph's Asylum, which had been established by Father Leonard Neale, in 1797, and the matrons with the orphans from St. Vincent's Asylum were present on the sad occasion.

Immediately upon the death of Bishop Egan, Archbishop Neale appointed Rev. Lewis de Barth, or as he almost invariably signs himself Ludovicus Barth, then in charge of

* Baptismal Registry, p. 152. † Do. p. 153.

our church and missions at Conewago, administrator of the diocese. The appointment was not a fortunate one. I question not the piety, the learning, the zeal of the Rev. gentleman, but there are Fathers still living in this province who knew him before his retirement to Georgetown College, where he died, and I do not think one of them will say he was well suited for that office.

Father de Barth upon his appointment did not retire from the care of the mission of Conewago but travelled backwards and forwards, almost monthly, between that place and Philadelphia, his first visit being on August 24th.* From that time until the arrival of Bishop Conwell, he was a frequent and honored guest at the house of my parents, and the only source of communication between my mother and grandmother and their Quaker relatives in Adams County. Not unfrequently would he visit the school-house before the parsonage, and old Mrs. Evans knew well what to give "the old man" for supper. It was the only house in the city at which he felt at home, and many a time would he unburden his mind of pastoral cares which he would not mention to his confreres at the other side of the Church, and about 8 o'clock. P. M. he would glide around through the graveyard, go to his room, say his prayers, and next morning after an early Mass, mount his horse for Conewago. My poor mother thought there was no one like Father de Barth, she would have considered it an unfortunate day, if one of her children had pronounced him not perfect—she little thought her own anecdotes were somewhat prejudicing one of those children against him.

At this time many of the Catholics of Philadelphia held a very high position in what is called society, and as this, for some of them, was a new thing, they were very nervous lest their priests should do anything that might shame their gentility. Father Hurley, O. S. A., the leading priest of the city, a holy and amiable man, laughed at and ridiculed

* Baptismal Registry, p. 159.

their airs, and took delight in violating their rules of etiquette, and in generally shocking their sensibilities. I will here relate an amusing anecdote of this saintly man. In St. Augustine's Church, they had adopted the European custom of having a Swiss guard to preserve order. Our Swiss was born in the Emerald Isle, one Thomas O'Shaughnessy by name. One of his principal duties was to remove the hats of those who kept covered in the presence of the Ever-Adorable, and for this purpose our Swiss was furnished with a long rod hooked at the end, with which Mr. O'Shaughnessy caused many an amusing gyration to be performed on different occasions. One Sunday afternoon at the monthly Vespers, Father Hurley noticed Robert Wharton, a leading Friend and one of Philadelphia's wealthiest citizens stalk up the middle aisle, head covered with an ash-colored broad-brim. The Swiss, for once, was awed by the respectable position of the offender. The uppertendom of Philadelphia Catholicity trembled lest they might see that respectable beaver, circling in the air for a foot or two and then rolling gracefully up the aisle. But no! Thomas was intently watching some little tow-headed boys under the gallery stairs. Little escaped the keen eye of Rev. Michael Hurley, O. S. A. Here was the opportunity long desired, of shocking their delicate sense of the deference due to wealth. Father Hurley did not usually speak with a brogue, but when he ascended the platform of the Altar, to give the instruction, while every eye was fixed upon him, and many a heart beat quickly, he quietly surveyed the congregation for a moment, and then in a loud rough voice he cried: "Tom, mon, I say, mon, oaf with auld Wharton's hat." Mr. O'Shaughnessy did not wait for a second bidding, but gravely marching up the aisle, instead of sending the hat whirling in the air, he gracefully raised it on his hook and slowly retracing his steps to the door of the Church, he pitched it into Fourth Street. And as my informant*

* My God-mother, Miss Mary Tierney.

hastened, handkerchief to mouth out of Church, Tom quietly remarked: "tut, tut, guirl, ain't you ashamed to laugh at the praste?"

This good Augustinian did not confine himself to shocking the sensibilities of the elite. Wherever there was a scandal to be corrected in either of the two parishes of St. Joseph's or St. Augustine's, there the zealous Father Hurley was to be found. He did not believe in wearing kid gloves when scouring the sink, his speech on these occasions was loud and caustic. Once, one whom he had been severely reprimanding, raised his arm to strike this "anointed of the Lord;" although he lived more than fifteen years afterwards, he never lowered it. I, myself, have more than once seen this person. He sincerely repented his sin. Father Hurley prayed God to pardon him, and at his, Father Hurley's request, Father Dubuisson, S. J., interceded with our Holy Founder, but heaven was deaf. The body with the arm raised was laid in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Father Hurley left many warm friends among the Protestants, as well as devoted children among the Catholics. Some of his Protestant friends delight to this day to recount his arduous apostolic labors. At a dinner, at which the Rev. Rector of Woodstock College, then Provincial of the Province of Maryland, was present, Mr. B. . . ., of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, related the following incident: "I called late in the evening, just after supper, to see Father Hurley on important business. It was a fearful night. Outside was one of those old-fashioned storms that we used to have some twenty years ago. After transacting business, Father Hurley insisted upon my spending the night with him. He brought out the poteen, and I can tell you he kept a good article in that line." "Oh, yes," interrupted Rev. J. C. D . . ., "I can bear testimony to that." "He brewed a good strong punch for each. He then read his priestly service, while I balanced some accounts. About ten we retired for the night, he occupying his own room,

the second story front, and I a small room over the passage. I had just fallen into a doze, when I was wakened by Father Hurley, who, having finished his prayers, was getting into bed. It was not long before I could hear him snoring the snore of the—of the—Augustinians. I tell you what, it was pleasant lying there, snugly wrapped up in blankets, listening to the howling storm without. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was suddenly roused by a terrific knocking at the front door. Immediately I heard Father Hurley bounce out of bed, the mercury must have gotten so far below zero that it had serious doubts if it would ever get up again. Up went the sash. 'Who's there?' 'Your Reverence, it's I.' 'Is it indeed? and who may *I* be?' 'Your Reverence, there's a man dying in Schuylkill—first Street above Gallushill.' Schuylkill first and Callowhill Street, at that time, was far beyond the limits of the built-up part of the City, and the reputation of that part of the municipality was not the best. 'What's the matter with him?' 'Your Reverence, he's bad intirely, he's taken with a colic, saving your Reverence's presence, in the belly. He's dying your Reverence.' 'Have you had a doctor?' 'Yes, your Reverence, Mick, my brother, has gone for his honor. O come, your Reverence, for it's a taring cold night for a man to be out.' 'Where did you say he lives?' 'In Schuylkill first Street above Gallushill, you can't mistake the house, seeing it's the only one there within a square. Come at once, your Reverence, for I know he'll be dead before you get there.' 'You two men go home and tell them that the priest, Father Hurley, is coming. I'll get the oils and the holy sacrament and follow you as soon as I can.' I jumped out of my warm bed, knocked at the old gentleman's door, and offered to accompany him. 'Get back to your bed, you —— what could a heretic do when a christian is dying?' The old man dressed quickly, came into my room with a half-pint of poteen, lest I should take cold, fumbled for some time about his room, went to the Church,

and soon slammed the door as only Father Hurley could slam doors. It was a fearful night – cold! we don't know now-a-days what such cold is, the wind was blowing like a hurricane, the hail and sleet driving against the windows, like—like—I can't think, just now, like what, unless like—excuse me, gentlemen—like h—ll, and, to cap all, it had been snowing continuously the two days previous. It was now near one o'clock; I lay in bed, picturing to myself the old man, out at such an hour, in such a neighborhood, and in the midst of such a storm. In those days, in some places, the streets were not paved above 8th or 10th street, and I knew the snow must be nearly breast high. Father Hurley, though strong as a lion, was pretty well advanced in years. About 3 o'clock, he returned, puffing like a porpoise. He came into my room. 'Well, Father Hurley, how's the sick man?' 'He won't die, didn't see him.' 'What! was there no person sick?' 'Yes—oh, but this is terrible weather,' said the old gentleman, blowing his finger-tips, 'when I got to Schuylkill 7th and Callowhill, I met two men coming back to tell me not to come. 'Your Reverence,' they said, 'the sick man's well.' 'Well? you scoundrels,' said I. 'Yes, your Reverence, he took a little, just a leetle, too much of the crature, and we thought we had better have a priest.' Father Hurley was up and said Church before 7 o'clock."

It must not be supposed that Father Hurley was the only priest of whom the old people delight to relate anecdotes: as I have mentioned before, his brother Augustinian at St. Joseph's, Father John Rossiter, wound himself into the affections and around the hearts of the faithful, while Fathers Kenny and M'Girr had a large circle of warm admirers.

(*To be continued.*)

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(*Continued.*)

Up to the period our sketch has now reached, St. Mary's enjoyed, only by privilege, the title of College; but in 1836, after a sharp contest, in the Legislature, between our friends and our enemies, it received its charter as a University. This victory was, in great measure, due to the influence of Fr. Murphy, who had lately arrived in Kentucky, and who devoted himself unsparingly to promote the good of the College.

But it was not only by thus perfecting what our Fathers had already undertaken, that He for whom alone they toiled, gave His blessing to their unassuming labors: in His providence He destined for the little colony of St. Mary's a still wider, and far distant field of action. For it He reserved the honor of sending the first pioneers of the new Society to a land which had been crimsoned with some of the noblest blood of the old, to inherit the mantle which had fallen from a Brebeuf and a Lalemant, as they rose into Heaven amid the whirlwind of savage persecution, and to revive their spirit in the hearts of those who guarded so jealously the precious deposit of their glorious bodies.

Mgr. Bourget, the zealous and devoted Bishop of Montreal, ardently wishing to see the Society once more at work in its heavenly-appointed vineyard, invited Rev. Fr. Chazelle, in the year 1839, to conduct the annual ecclesiastical retreat for the priests of the diocese.

His presence awoke, throughout the whole of Canada, fond and saintly memories which long had slumbered. Forthwith, the brothers of those heroes that had died in blessing the land, and blessed the land in dying, were eagerly pressed to re-enter the country; and no later than 1842 this new branch of our mission was founded. So desirous to see the Fathers at once established in his diocese was Mgr. Bourget, whose attachment to the Society has ever displayed itself in an unceasing solicitude for the welfare of its members, that he could not wait till a suitable building should be erected, but kindly interested in their behalf the pious Mr. Rodier, then a distinguished member of the Bar, but some years later the still more distinguished Mayor of Montreal. This worthy representative of genuine catholic charity declared to the Fathers that he would consider it a personal favor if they would accept half of his own house, to be their home as long as they wished. What was offered with such noble disinterestedness was received with heartfelt gratitude. As the spacious mansion had already been partitioned off into two, the Fathers soon after took possession of their quarters, and, on Sept. 9th, 1843, gave the habit of the Society to our first Canadian novice. This favored subject, in less than a month, gave, in his turn, the warm embrace of the Society to a fellow-novice, and both together, began the ascent of the rugged road of perfection, helped by each other's example.* Of course, our ordinary means of subsistence were not, as yet, secured, but

> "He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
> And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,"

provided, no less bountifully, for the well-being of his servants. The alms of the faithful were abundant, and if want

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* Respect for the feelings of the living banished from the text the names of these first-fruits of the new Society in Canada; but here in the foot-notes the desire to be useful to future annalists, allows us to mention, the names of Fr. Regnier, now "operarius" in Troy; and of R. Fr. H. Hudon our kind Rector at St. Francis Xavier's.

were occasionally felt, it served only to give zest to succeeding plenty. Such being the case it is hard to understand how it became noised abroad, through the city, that the fathers were dying of hunger. The rumor came to the ears of our best of friends, his Lordship, the Bishop, and grieved him to the heart. He started without delay for our residence, and calling for Fr. Luiset, the Master of novices, asked him, in a voice in which loving tenderness struggled with paternal severity, how he could have had so little confidence in him, as not to inform him of the straits to which the community was reduced. Fr. Luiset was at a loss for a reply:—a few moments however, cleared up the mystery; the fears of the good Bishop were dispelled, and had he sat down with the community at the next meal, he would have been convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, of the want of foundation of the rumor, and seen, to his great satisfaction, that, owing to the charity of their friends, they were far from starving. Many more must have been the trials of paternal solicitude on the part of Monseigneur, and many too the pleasing incidents that occurred, during the year, when the quiet occupation of the Jesuit novices ran side by side with the already busy life of the future magistrate—church and state in such close and harmonious relations;—but, owing to our distance from the source of information, we are forced to leave the record of these facts, as well as the *heroic* days of our college of St. Mary's, in Montreal, to some of our more favored brothers of the North.* We, ourselves, however, still love to remember

*A little anecdote has been related to us, the artless simplicity of which is too charming to be lost. "Shortly after breakfast every day during the summer months," says one of the novices of those times, now a venerable Father, "the bell was rung for 'Manualia,' and at once we three novices repaired to our little garden, to dig potatoes for the community dinner. The task was almost Herculean, for the good brother charged with planting the potatoes had a favorite theory, based on what principle of horticulture he never told us, that the deeper they were sunk into the ground, the more plentiful would be the crop. Accordingly he had procured a stout pole, about six feet long, and, applying it somewhat

with what fatherly affection the venerable Mr. Rodier welcomed to his bountiful table, only a few years ago, all the novices from the Sault-au-Récollet; with what pleasure he spoke of the days when his house was our only novitiate, and assured us, with tears in his eyes, that they were the happiest of his life. May the eternal Father repay his charity a hundred fold:

> The stranger and the poor by God are sent
> And what to these we give, to God is lent. *

That hearts so loving and devoted as those of our generous friends really were, should crowd around the cradle of the Canada Mission, when, without them, it could not

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after the manner of a modern pile-driver, had succeeded in burying the forlorn seedling as far out of sight as possible; trusting perhaps that their proximity to the central fires of the earth would keep them from freezing, should Spring, as was *sometimes* the case in those regions, prove rather backward; and the ice in the St. Lawrence refuse to forsake its adopted home till Summer was on its heels.

"The good brother took great delight in superintending the labors of the poor novices, and pointing out the exact spot in which his novel implement of husbandry had descended; and when any of us, having dug a ditch some three feet in depth and two in width without even the sign of a potato, would turn to him in despair, and, pointing to the small mountain beside us, monument of our labor, ask imploringly, 'how much farther down?' he would deliberately gauge, with his eye, the heap of clay at his feet, and then, in his most soothing voice reply, that we must be near them now; they could not be more than two feet deeper.

"Under such circumstances, you may imagine how great was our delight to see, on the other side of the low rail fence that divided the garden, good Mr. Rodier coming into his orchard. We were not disappointed: the first thing our kind neighbor would do, would be to shake down some of the largest and ripest apples that hung on his trees; then, leaning for a few seconds on our fence, he would exclaim: 'Pauvres freres, pauvres freres! Here, my children, you must be tired by this time; you have dug enough for this morning;' and with these words he would toss us the rosy-cheeked fruits. Oh! how pretty they looked, in comparison

* Homer says:

> *Πρὸς γὰρ Διός εἰσιν ἅπαντες*
> *Ξεῖνοί τε πτωχοί τε.* Odys. VI. 208.

have long survived its birth, was owing, no doubt, in great measure, to the prayers of the saintly men who, at this time, successively filled the office of Master of Novices. The line began with Father Luiset, already mentioned, who, in fact, may be said to have taken actual possession of Canada in the name of the Society. In 1843, on the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the very day after his arrival at Montreal with some other Fathers from France, he preached, at the invitation of Monseigneur Bourget, in the grand cathedral, since destroyed by fire. He chose for his text the words of St. Paul: "In nomine Jesu omne genu flectatur, coelestium, terrestrium, et infernorum" (Phil. 2. 10.), and, by the strain after strain of fervid eloquence which he poured forth on the glories of the Redeemer, completely won the hearts of his vast audience.

The knowledge of Christ, and Him crucified, which the zealous missionary had unfolded to his hearers in the populous city, he afterwards diffused through the villages and hamlets for miles around, with so much unction and vigor as to electrify those who came within reach of his burning words, and to cause all, priests and laity, actually to clamor for the entrance of the Fathers into their parishes.

From his apostolic journeys, in which he had scattered broadcast over an extensive portion of the Lord's vineyard, the fertile seed of the Divine Word, he returned to the secluded garden where bloomed the Almighty's flowers of predilection; to the care of these, few though they were, he devoted his unwearied attention. To his novices, Father

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with the spectral potatoes that had been haunting our minds so long. Fr. Master allowed us 'Deo Gratias,' and had given general permission to eat whatever Mr. Rodier might think proper to offer. The good brother was the only one that seemed crest-fallen at our leaving off when bushels of potatoes were so near. To console him, we would offer, with generous magnanimity, to the author of our woes, a share in our good fortunes; asking, in return, only one thing, that next Spring, when about to plant his potatoes, he would use a somewhat shorter pole for a spade."

Luiset displayed the same image of the Redeemer, that he had exhibited in the cities and the villages, and, as they were called to the perfect imitation of the divine Model, he descended into every detail, and showed by his solid conferences, and by the example of his daily life, how the spirit of the cross was to actuate their every thought, word and deed.

But nothing, perhaps, proved more conclusively that what he had so long preached was really from the abundance of the heart, and that the cross had struck deep roots therein, than his edifying conduct under the terrible affliction which, during the third year of his office as Master of Novices, God was pleased to send him. An operation performed by a celebrated oculist for the cure of some slight ailment of his eyes, resulted in total blindness for the rest of his life. This severe trial, far from wringing from him the least complaint, only caused him to exclaim with patient Job: "If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?" (Job. 2. 10.) He did not even yield to the subtile temptation that he would thenceforth be less able to work for God's glory, but assured that

> "God doth not need
> Either man's works, or His own gifts; who best
> Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best,"*

he reposed with such perfect resignation on the divine will, that, though frequently pressed to make a novena for the recovery of his sight, he constantly refused, saying: "It is God's holy will I should be blind, and God's will is mine." The truth was, he scarcely looked upon his affliction as an evil at all, and, charmed at being no longer disturbed by the sight of created things, he centred his gaze more steadily than ever on the Creator, and drank in with fewer distractions the vision of his God.

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* Milton. Ode on his blindness.

But if the bodies of men had vanished, with the whole visible world, forever from his sight, their souls still appeared to him of priceless value, and such was his zeal to rescue these from Satan's power, that he easily overcame all the obstacles his blindness placed in his way. At the conclusion of his three years as Master of Novices, he was sent to Quebec, where he preached with his wonted fire. Such was his conviction of the responsibility of this apostolic duty, that he delivered no sermons but such as he had carefully written out before, and which he still remembered, or had read to him before ascending the pulpit. The clear sequence of ideas that runs through these sermons, some of which are still extant, the striking reflections they embody, and the beautiful language in which they are expressed, prove the thoughtful care and labor expended on their composition; while the glow of divine love that animates the whole, shows the man of prayer clothed with the learning of the scholar and the eloquence of the orator.

However, to do good to souls then, he no longer needed such preparation; for he had already preached most forcibly even before uttering one word of his prepared sermon, and all hearts were deeply moved by beholding the zealous old man still so vigorous, but obliged to be led by the hand to the foot of the pulpit, then slowly groping his way up the steps, and finally turning his sightless eyes on his audience, hushed in the deepest attention: no more efficacious exhortation could be given—to rejoice in the midst of affliction, and to kiss the hand that chastiseth.

After a year spent in Quebec he returned to the novitiate, in the capacity of Socius of the Master of Novices, and prevented from ascending the pulpit, as his superiors judged it better for him not to preach any more by word of mouth, his zeal sought an outlet in his assiduous attendance in the confessional. His exactness to follow in this, as in all other respects, the least prescription of our holy rules, nay what he considered to be their spirit, even when the letter was

silent amounted almost to scruple, and gave rise to the following amusing incident:

It was Fr. Luiset's custom to be at his post especially about 6 o'clock in the evening to receive men on their return from work. In summer, of course, it was light at that hour, but as winter came on, knowing it must then be getting dark he called one of the novices and bade him place a candle near the confessional, saying it was not becoming for one of ours to hear anyone's confession, in his room, after nightfall without a light. The young religious not quite yet as blind in his obedience, as the good father in his sight, was at a loss how to apply this to the case of the exact servant of God, and fearing some accident from fire, ran off in haste, as a true novice, to unbosom himself in his perplexity to Father Master. His spiritual Father smiling told him he might get the candle, take it unlit to the father's room and retire. The good novice did as directed and was leaving the room, when to his surprise, Fr. Luiset solemnly said: "Bring hither the candle and put it beside me." Prompt obedience this time on the part of the novice, but still with a vague fear for the consequences. And well he might fear; for the precise old man, taking hold of the candlestick, deliberately ran his hand along the candle towards the wick. Fain would the trembling novice have lighted the taper, even at the eleventh hour; but the eleventh hour unfortunately was a very short one:—it was already over; Fr. Luiset had reached the top, and feeling no heat, turned sharply around on this remorse-stricken culprit and exclaimed with all his animation: "What! brother, is it possible you wish to deceive me! Have you no more respect for our holy rules?" The speechless novice suddenly felt as if he would just then like to unbosom himself again to Father Master and, with all possible haste, flung out of the room.

Fr. Luiset's unbounded respect for even the least rule, naturally led him to observe with extraordinary precision

that continual mortification in all things, and that application to spiritual pursuits on which St. Ignatius so repeatedly insists. That this mortification extended itself to his refreshment of the body, and that even at his meals his spirit was far away from the earthly objects around him, the same novice had daily occasion to witness. Instead of going through some of the usual "experimenta" of our novitiates (which circumstances then rendered impossible) he was appointed to bring the blind father his breakfast, and help him to what he might need. Whether the novice still felt a little chafed on the subject of the father's scrupulous exactitude, and was anxious to overcome a too natural impulse by a generous revenge, or whether, in reading the life of St. Ignatius, he had been more struck by that part which narrates the guileless tricks of Fr. Ribadineira on our Holy Founder, than by some other portions of the same life, we dare not decide; but certain it is that he observed with surprise how Fr. Luiset had prescribed to himself a very limited amount of daily food, and that this limit he never overstepped. The abstemious religious would cut the small slice of dry bread handed to him, into five or six still smaller squares, and then, seated at some distance from the table, would alternately, with one hand slowly raise to his mouth a spoonful of coffee, and with the other one of the morsels of bread: while, at each mouthful, he would turn his countenance towards heaven, whence every good gift descends. The charitable attendant thought with dismay on the sorry plight to which his own young fibres and ardent spirits would soon be reduced if allowed only so scanty a supply of "nitrogenous aliments;" and, convinced that such lenten diet was utterly insufficient to repair the daily waste of bone and sinew in the blind but vehement old man, he so far presumed on his charge's infirmity as, the moment one mouthful of bread disappeared, quietly to replace it by another, and as the coffee gradually diminished in the cup, noiselessly to pour in some more.

The unsuspecting Father, who was always very exact in eating whatever he had cut for himself, and sipping his coffee, spoonful after spoonful, till all was gone, kept on at his meal, as usual, wholly occupied with other thoughts. Perhaps even then he was reflecting on the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes; but if so, his mind was so intent on the goodness of God in this miracle as to take no notice of the present multiplication of bread and coffee, by which he was, so unwittingly, being benefitted. At last, however, through sheer fatigue at raising the spoon to his lips so much oftener than usual, he turned quietly to his kind-hearted attendant, and remarked: "Cette tasse est bien grande, mon frère." The novice did not attempt to deny the fact, but was warned by this how far he could go in his charitable fraud without awakening suspicion: and so frequently did he ever after (with permission of the Master of Novices) regulate his perpetual miracle, that he had time to see the poor blind Father actually thriving under his treatment.

Father Luiset continued to edify the Novices by his exact observance of the rules, and his spirit of mortification till his death in 1855, at the age of 67.

The second equally saintly man to whose prayers and holy life the early days of the Canada Mission owed so many heavenly blessings was Father George Schneider, who had succeeded Fr. Luiset as Master of Novices, in 1848. Unable, for want of space, to dwell at any length on the life of this fervent religious, we give, in a word, its correct epitome when we say that it was one continued act of devotion to St. Joseph, and of unbounded confidence in this holy Patriarch, repaid by countless favors of all kinds. Were we deficient in example to prove that St. Joseph is the same as in the past to those that fly to him, the example of this devout Father alone would be sufficient.

He first entrusted to this holy Patriarch the care of the whole house, even down to the pantry itself; and from the

manner in which the faithful steward discharged this last part of his commission we may judge how he fulfilled the rest. Occasionally indeed instead of the expected sound of the breakfast-bell the silvery voice of Fr. Schneider would greet the ears of the novices, as he stepped into their room, and told them, with a smile, that although they had not yet taken a vow of poverty, the Almighty was pleased to try them a little on the score of that virtue even then; that they would have to wait a while for breakfast, as there was not a mouthful to eat in the house: but that it would not be long; St. Joseph had never failed them yet. On such occasions, the good novices were only too glad to suffer something in view of their future vow, and with perhaps a short invocation to St. Joseph that he would not tary *too* long, cheerfully resumed their mental repast, while awaiting that which was to refresh the body. Fr. Schneider had spoken truly: they had not to wait long; for never, no, not once, during all the years he was Master of Novices, did an hour pass ere in came from some one, often they knew not from whom, a supply of provision sufficient for the community.

Having thus secured, forever, food for his novices, the next step was to procure novices. Fr. Schneider had seen with deep concern how few vocations had as yet developed, since the arrival of the Fathers in Montreal, and looking with anxiety to the future, he referred the matter to his heavenly counsellor. The result was a recommendation to the novices to unite with Fr. Master, during the nine days preceding the feast of St. Joseph, in a fervent novena for the obtaining of new members. The effect of this appeal to the holy Patriarch was almost miraculous; for whereas, previously, only two or three scholastic novices had been received each year, after the novena four or five begged admittance into the Society before the month was over, and during the following month the number ran up to eight. Ever since then the novitiate has received a very fair yearly

increase, and of late years, after a general novena to the same heavenly Procurator, made by order of Rev. Father Bapst, in all the houses of the mission, a most extraordinary supply of new members.

Fr. Schneider knowing that he was far from having exhausted St. Joseph's liberality, was, on his part, far from desisting in his petitions. He had obtained food and subjects; there was still wanting a novitiate. To build this he had not a single dollar, and, moreover, knew not where to find one; but his generous Treasurer knew where they could be had in abundance. Permission to begin the building had been refused until enough money had been collected to cover all expenses. Fr. Schneider starts for Quebec, on a mission of some weeks' duration; returns at the end of that time with the required amount. The year 1853 saw the completion of the large Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet, about eight miles from Montreal; and Father Schneider, through gratitude towards its heavenly Founder, and to secure its future prosperity, placed it under his invocation. The novices had about a year before left the home where they had been so charitably sheltered for so many years, and, calling down many blessings upon their benefactors, taken up their abode in St. Mary's College, which had been in successful operation since Sept. 20th, 1848. Now that their own home was ready to receive them, they repaired with joy from the crowded city to their peaceful retreat amid the fields.

These favors, great though they were, were far from being all that Fr. Schneider owed to his glorious Patron. The devout religious saw with deep grief the seminary of some Protestant sect just in front of our first novitiate, and remarked that it was a pity to have the work of Satan in such close proximity to the work of God. He complained of it to St. Joseph, during the month of March, the period of the year when all his special requests were made; the month was hardly over, when the building was sold, at a great

Monument of the Sacred Heart,

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, HOWARD CO., MD.

bargain to the Catholics, and became St. Patrick's Hospital. In later years, he set his heart on obtaining a certain piece of ground, near our College in Montreal, to build thereon a church in honor of the Sacred Heart. He prayed to St. Joseph, and that very piece of ground was presented to him by one of our kind benefactors. He often had obdurate sinners to convert: he entrusted their conversion to St. Joseph, and such was his certainty of success that, on one occasion, speaking of one of them, he exclaimed with sudden animation: "He is mine to-night."

This short account of Fr. Schneider's devotion to St. Joseph and of a few of the favors with which it was rewarded, forestalls all necessity of adding a word about his sanctity. St Theresa tells us in her autobiography, that she never knew anyone who had a true devotion to St. Joseph, who was not advanced by it in virtue. Now if such be the case, as it most undoubtedly is, we may easily imagine what a height of perfection Father Schneider attained, when his whole life was impregnated with so constant and so filial a devotion to the foster father of Sanctity itself. St. Joseph who had been his consoler in life, smoothed likewise his passage to eternity: and Fr. Schneider's death in 1868 was, like that of the Faithful Servant himself, the bright dawn of eternal day.

Not to sever the cord of triple strand, of charity on the one side, and of zeal and gratitude on the other, that linked the early days of the Canada Mission one with the other, and bound them all to Rev. Father Chazelle, we have considerably outrun our dates. When most of these results just described were actually realized, this indefatigable laborer had already been called to his rest. He had returned to Kentucky, in October, 1839, and was, the following year, succeeded in his double office of Superior and President of St. Mary's by Rev. Fr. W. Murphy. Soon afterwards he departed on matters of business for Rome, and returned again to the country of his adoption as Superior of the

little band of missionaries, including Fathers Tellier, F. Martin, D. Duranquet, Luiset and three lay brothers, which, at the request of Mgr. Bourget left Europe in 1842 for the Canada branch of our mission, and was occupied, prior to the erection of St. Mary's College, in our residence of the Assumption at Sandwich, and of St. Francis Xavier, at La Prairie.

As Rev. Father Chazelle now ceases to figure in our sketch, we cannot dismiss his name without a few words on the death of this saintly religious, the father of our mission. In the Summer of 1845, Very Rev. Fr. Boulanger, and his companion, Rev. Fr. Hus, extended their visit to the Indian Missions of Upper Canada.

The good missionaries in these regions, deprived in great measure of the community-life of the Society, and almost perfect strangers to those family joys it knows so well how to foster, had looked forward with unbounded delight to this visit, as to the dawn of a new era for their apostolic labors. A letter written some months later by Fr. P. Point, says that when they actually saw among them these representatives of the head of the Society, they gave themselves up unreservedly to the joys of the present and hopes of the future. But it adds: "Will not, perhaps these last prove an illusion? For we are not wont, we children of St. Ignatius, long to bask in the sunshine." The good Father was right in his apprehensions, and this very letter was to bring to V. R. F. Boulanger the first news of the sickness and death of him on whom most of their hopes for the future were based.

At the conclusion of the visit it was determined to push the labors of the Society more to the North-West, and revive if possible the old settlements of our first Fathers in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. Fr. Chazelle was deputed to visit that part of the country, and to decide on the possibility of founding a residence there to be the nucleus of future missionary labors through the surrounding country.

On the 8th of August, full of joy at the prospect of opening a new field for God's glory, Fr. Chazelle started for Detroit, where he was to take the steamboat for Mackinaw, and there find another which would carry him to the Sault. Having arrived at Mackinaw, he found no vessel ready to start, so he travelled on as far as Green Bay, to see if it might not be possible to start a permanent residence among the tribes bordering on the Rivière du Loup—a river along which, almost two hundred years before, Fr. Marquette had travelled in the voyage which led to the discovery of the Mississippi. The very day after his arrival at Green Bay, Fr. Chazelle had a slight attack of fever, which increased to such an extent that, shortly after, he was forced to take to his bed. While in this state of suffering, he heard that a steamboat was on the point of starting for Mackinaw. At this news it was impossible to keep him back :—sick as he was, he literally leaped from his bed into the saddle, and hastened towards the wharf. But God, for whose glory he sought these new fatigues, was satisfied with his good will; and the same loving Master who, years before, in Kentucky, had sent him forth on an errand of charity that he might not be an eye-witness of the calamity that was to befall his flock, this time, with like fatherly providence, prevented his setting out; lest, as his end was approaching, he who had been an angel of consolation at so many death-beds, should himself die where he must needs be deprived of the last consolations of his religion.

Despite all his haste, Father Chazelle learned to his sorrow, that he was too late; the boat had already started, and he had no alternative but to retrace his steps. Once more at the house, he again sank under his illness, now, owing, perhaps, to the excitement his late effort had caused, more violent than before. In the midst of his acute pains, as if to gain strength from the example of his suffering mother, he often reverted to the Society and its recent trials in Europe. It was in the same spirit in which, about a

month before, hearing of new persecutions excited against us by the English Government, he had cried out with sudden enthusiasm: Wicked men that they are; they wish to kill my mother!

The missionary priest of Green Bay attended him in his sickness, and despairing of his recovery, administered to him the last sacraments. Almost immediately the holy religious fell into a protracted agony which ended only with his life, four days later, Sept. 4th, 1845. He was fifty-six years old, and had been twenty-three years in the Society.

The Indians, for whom he was planning works fraught with so much good, carried his remains to an humble resting place in the quiet cemetery near "The Fathers' Rapids." This place belonged of old to the missionaries of the Society in these regions; and it was a strange contrast to the "long, long views" of poor devising man, that he who hoped to revive these once flourishing missions, and instil new life into these neglected works, should expose himself to numberless dangers and fatigues, and arrive on the spot, only to be received, he too, as they had been, into the arms of all-absorbing death. It is indeed the same contrast as is exhibited in man's very nature:

"An heir to glory: a frail child of dust."

But Father Chazelle had now ceased to be the frail child of dust, and had entered on his inheritance of glory.

Worthy brother of St. Francis Xavier, whose burning zeal seemed, in him, to live again, he died, as his holy predecessor, far away from his brethren, with none but strangers to receive his last sigh, and with his eyes turned yearningly towards the fields he had already in spirit conquered for Christ. These indeed were kindred spirits, "one in willing and in not willing the same;" and the voice that called away the pure soul of Father Chazelle, was that of the loving Master of both, about to give to beings such as they, one in spirit, one abode.

(*To be continued.*)

A VISIT TO CHICAGO.

FLORISSANT, MARCH 28th, 1873.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

On Tuesday, the 18th inst., I reached Chicago, by the Illinois Central R. R., whose depot is on the lake, in the heart of the lately burned district. I was rather surprised not to see around me that bleak charred plain, of which so much was said and written after last year's terrible conflagration. As I walked up to State street, and rode in the street cars along State and Madison streets, I saw, it is true, some empty spots and remnants of fires; but nearly all the houses had been rebuilt for miles around, and that on a grander scale and in a more elegant style than before. I had heard much of the enterprise of the Chicago people, but of such work, as I saw had been done here, I never had had any conception. It is not my purpose to give a sketch of the wordly, but of the spiritual life of this great city. Still I may say that such buildings as are rare beauties in rival Western cities, stand here in long rows along entire squares, all the rapid growth of the last twelve months, and still substantial five and six story edifices, with richly wrought and handsomely adorned fronts. No wonder the inhabitants are said to be getting prouder of their city than ever.

I arrived at our Church in the Western part of the city, about 8½, A. M., and from that moment have not ceased to wonder and rejoice at the rich harvest, which is here being gathered in for the granaries of our dear Lord. Our Fathers and Brethren of Chicago will, I hope, excuse me

if I reveal some glimpse of the spiritual treasures which they are so laboriously hoarding up, and which their modesty or want of leisure, or both, keep from the knowledge of others. It must be remembered that, sixteen years ago, Chicago did not yet figure in the catalogue of our province, Soon after a residence was founded, and thus all that is the the subject of edification here is the work of a few years.

When I reached our Church on 12th street, near Blue Island Avenue, the last Mass was just over: though a common week day, a large congregation was pouring from the capacious basement, where minor services are held in winter. The Church itself is a noble structure, the finest I have seen in America. It is 214 ft. long by 73 with a transept of 120, interior height 100 ft. Some twelve years ago, one of our most esteemed Fathers remarked of it: "A magnificent Church, but standing in the wilderness—Vox clamantis in deserto"; and such it was. It had been built in the prairie, some miles away from what was then Chicago. But its pastor and builder had rightly understood the place and its prospects; Catholics soon flocked around the new Church, purchased small and cheap lots, and built modest dwellings. Many of these settlers owe their sober habits, as well as their temporal prosperity, entirely to the exertions of their zealous pastors. From the beginning, schools were established, the families frequently visited, and various societies organized. Soon the ladies of the Sacred Heart were induced to build a convent in the parish, and, besides their Academy for boarders and day scholars, to open a school for the parish children. About ten years ago a fire consumed the boys' school next to the Church. It was a master-stroke of Providence. Advantage was taken of this by the energetic pastor to build a splendid school, which the city common schools should look up to with envy. Meanwhile the parish spread rapidly. When I visited Chicago four years ago, the Church, seen from the top of the Court House, looked to me like a huge elephant standing

in the midst of a countless herd of sheep. Two stations had been opened for schools, and one for Sunday service, in remote parts of the parish. A second sisterhood had been called in to aid in the education of the girls. Having seen all this formerly, I was prepared to be much edified at what I was going once more to behold. But I was not prepared to witness the progress since made. The very first scene delighted me. There stood before me not only that huge Church, but, next to it, a College newly built, by the side of which the Church looked like a dwarf. The photographed pictures of the College are far from doing justice to the magnificence of its front. The cordial reception, which greeted me at the threshold, made me feel once again, what I had often experienced before, that for one home left in the world, we have gained many in religion. I hastened to offer up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when a new surprise delighted me. Though the morning was advanced, and all the services were over, I found a respectable congregation at once gathered before the altar, such as I could not help reflecting I could not meet on many a winter Sunday, at the two Masses of the little country Church, in which I exercised the ministry. Most justly it is said, "Amat magnas Ignatius urbes." On the next day, the feast of St. Joseph, holy communions were plentiful, but as I did not intend then to write this account, I did not take the trouble of inquiring how many. That night at 7½, there was a congregation of probably some fourteen hundred people to hear the praises of St. Joseph and receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Friday night a much larger congregation still assisted at the Way of the Cross. These are nearly all working people, who, after the fatigue of a busy day, (such as business is in Chicago, where every vehicle and every pedestrian hurries along as if the city were still on fire) can be gathered at any time, and to any number for devotional services in their beloved Church. In fact, every day had its own edifying sights.

It would make this sketch unreasonably long were I to attempt a description of this Church's interior decorations. In fact, though I spent a long time in it, I did not see all; it would take several hours to explore all its beauties. Its high altar is magnificent, in its ornaments, and in symmetry with the entire edifice. Every stained window with its varied figures and designs, every confessional with its appropriately carved emblems and statues, the new stations of the "via crucis," the pulpit, nay every carved panel of the communion railing with its suggestive devices, might furnish subjects for separate comment. Large as the building was at first, it has had to be extended already by the addition of 40 feet to the front. Above the entrance is a gallery as capacious as many a city church, and above this is the organ-loft with that superb organ, the largest church organ in the United States, which it had been the noble ambition of our much-lamented Fr. Smarius, and the object of his zealous exertions during the last years of his life to erect to the honor of God;—that, when his own eloquent voice should no longer send its thunders through the arches of the vast building, and charm the ears of a delighted audience, the organ might take up and prolong the strain of praise unto distant generations. He did not live to hear therich music issue from its wilderness of pipes; but the first time they sent forth the tones of requiem, was at a funeral Mass for the repose of his departed spirit.

I had taken the leisure time of one afternoon to examine the Church; that of another afternoon was devoted to see the College. Its interior division of rooms and halls does not appear to be so happy and appropriate as it is liberal and grand. But other objects of observation were most gratifying and surprising. Though less than three years has elapsed since the College was built and opened, it counts already over 170 pupils and bids fair to count four or five hundred in a few years more. About one third of these boys come from the parochial school, which serves

the purpose of a preparatory course to the College; all but a dozen are Catholics, and that not in name only, but in spirit also. The institution is already provided with a very large and select library and a very valuable collection of minerals, the finest I have ever seen in any of our Colleges. As good Father Smarius procured the organ, so another of the zealous missionaries, who is passionately fond of natural history, never returns from his excursions without bringing along some trunks full of the choicest specimens.—But it was on Sunday my enthusiasm of joy and admiration reached its height. I will not speak of numerous congregations crowding the Church every hour of the morning, as in many other Catholic churches; but only mention what is peculiar and that briefly. At 7 o'clock, A. M., the drum and fife were heard, and a band of young musicians was seen marching from the school-house to the Church, at the head of a procession of some three hundred boys. The drums were deposited near the side altar, and all the boys received holy communion. We were three priests distributing holy communion at that mass, and I was tired when it was over. The Church was crowded and at the same time another congregation was hearing Mass in the basement. Every Sunday has some sodality or other at communion. That of the married men counts five hundred members, that of the women three hundred; there is one of young men lately started, and counting already about one hundred and fifty, another of young ladies, I believe, three hundred. On the Sunday of my visit some twelve hundred sacred hosts were distributed though there had been many communions on St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's days, during the foregoing week. At 9 o'clock I saw about eight hundred girls at Mass in the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, who have one of the parish schools. The pupils booked this year amount to over a thousand—about seven hundred and fifty in daily attendance. There are seven hundred and eighty at the parish school of the

Ladies of the Sacred Heart, besides seventy boarders and fifty day scholars of their Academy. The boys amount to twenty-one hundred, besides the College students, daily attendance being between sixteen and eighteen hundred. I saw some thirteen hundred of them at Mass, and listened to the instruction given them. It was an explanation of the catechism well adapted to their youthful minds.— In the afternoon there were the various Sunday schools. To attract pupils to these, there are three different papers published by the Sunday School Board, viz., two monthlies and one bi-monthly, so that every Sunday a paper is given gratis to all who come in time ; where more than one child belongs to the same family, pictures are given to the younger ones. That day about twenty-six hundred papers were thus given out. The usual number distributed each month is eleven thousand. During the week twenty secular teachers are employed in the boys' school alone, five men and fifteen women. Whence comes the money to pay all these, and to support the sisterhood, and furnish the publications? Every school is self-supporting: there are no poor schools, and still all the poor children are received, and treated exactly like the others. This is one of the chief sources of success. The schools are thus made respectable; in fact they are far ahead of the common schools of the neighborhood, whose class rooms are partly vacant. Another source of success is the incomparable tact and indefatigable industry of the one Father and one Brother who manage all these schools and edit the three periodicals mentioned. Their industry is admirably imitated by the Sisters, who educate the female portion. If the boys march in the procession with military bands and uniforms, the varied scarfs and endless lines of the girls delight parents and strangers, and an enthusiasm for the schools, which seems to be peculiar to the Chicago people, has thus been produced and supported for years and years; it must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. What

the two just mentioned are doing for the parish schools, others of our members are accomplishing for the new College, others for the sodalities of the parish, and others on the missions. Every one has a wide field for his zeal; five Fathers would at once find more work than they could attend to; in fact, the calls for laborers would be indefinite.

But I find, dear Father, that if I were to describe all that consoled me at Chicago, my letter too would run to an indefinite length. It is too long already, and still I have not yet described the branch schools for boys and for girls established in two remote parts of the parish, nor the Church of St. Stanislaus, similarly situated and till lately used for Sunday service alone. But now two Fathers have taken up their residence there. By taking in galleries and school rooms, this Church has been made capable of receiving many hundreds, and yet it is so crowded on Sundays, passages and stairs-cases and school yard included, that, as one of the sisters quaintly remarked to me, there is no use for a lady to faint, she cannot be taken out anyhow. This Summer a large Church is to be built there, with a basement fourteen feet high, and extending the whole length of the edifice so as to furnish two Churches at once.

As I am only relating a visit I need not speak of the missionaries whose base of operations is at Chicago. A letter, which arrived while I was there, announced to Father Rector the happy conclusion of a mission at Scranton with twelve thousand communions, nineteen converts, two hundred adult first communicants, etc., but I found it was scarcely minded, such items being commonplace there. All these gratifying works of salvation are of course performed by many hands. But there is one man, who has been constantly the soul and heart of this vigorous body of laborers, whose name is written in the hearts, not only of all his thousands of parishioners, but of

many more thousands of the faithful scattered over this wide country. I need not add that it is likewise written in the hearts of his loving brethren. I remain,

Rev. Dear Father,

Respectfully yours in the S. Heart.

C. C., S. J.

BRAZIL—MISSION OF FORTALEZA.
EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF FR. ONORATI.

FORTALEZA, JUNE 3rd, 1872.

After conferences at Fortaleza during the whole month of April, I was requested by the Bishop to conduct the exercises of May. I soon learned that the devotions of that month were very popular here, for not only do they take place in the Churches, but also with much fervor even in families. Nevertheless they seldom amount to more than a sermon, some hymns, and the customary fireworks. I was told, however, that for three years past the Bishop had forbidden the usual devotion at the Cathedral, on account of scandal arising from the conduct of some young libertines, who choose this occasion for the profanation of the holy place. This news rather cooled my ardor, the more so as the Bishop's previous kindness led me to think that he had concealed the difficulties out of pure condescension. I had almost concluded to quit Fortaleza, and, seeing how matters stood, I deemed it advisable to cancel the engagement I had made to remain for the month of Mary; but the Vicar General insisted that the people relied upon me

to preach, that the singers were ready, that our fears were exaggerated and that it would be a pity to disappoint the congregation. My doubts were renewed: still all this parley brought us to the month of May; and, as I was forced to await the arrival of a steamer, I began the instructions. From the very first day the Church was crowded, the majority of the congregation being men, and this, too, while similar exercises were going on in the other Churches, colleges and religious institutions. At the Cathedral all went on well. During the first week, indeed, I heard some complaints, but, upon inquiring into the matter myself, I was happy to find that the faults committed were not grievous, and, better still, that they were not numerous.

As I conducted the exercises according to Fr. Muzzarelli's method, I waited till the meditation on *scandals;* then I inveighed against the profanation of Churches with all the vehemence of which I was capable, saying whatever zealous indignation suggested. It would not have been surprising had they stoned me after the sermon; but nothing of the kind happened. I obtained what I desired, and, without any falling off in the number of hearers, greater decorum was observed. I was desirous of preaching to the free-masons during this month, so as to lead them to confession; but no one at all came to confession the first week, not even the women. Then to obtain the desired effect, I thought of disposing the meditations more in accordance with the exercises of St. Ignatius. What admirable graces are attached to the exercises! the meditations upon Confession and Hell roused even many free-masons from their torpor; and from that time forward I was so incessantly occupied in the confessional, that, till the end of the month, I had scarcely a moment of repose night or day.

I must not omit to mention the consolation I experienced in the spirit and conduct of my penitents. The month of Mary produced great fruit among the free-masons. I have

heard the confessions of many, some of whom were of a high grade, as was clear from the diplomas they handed me. One of the newspapers, a most impious sheet, contained long articles ridiculing those who had been caught in the Jesuit nets. I must not pass over an edifying fact in this connection. The first of these advanced free-masons gave me his diploma, which I conveyed under secret, as was my duty, to the Bishop. A few days after I read in the above-mentioned journal that the certificate in question had found its way into the hands of the Bishop's Secretary. I was very much troubled, fearing that some of the Bishop's household had let out the secret; and as the convert attended all the May devotions regularly, I sought him immediately and explained all the precautions I had taken in the matter, as well as my astonishment at seeing the fact made public. He grasped my hand and told me not to mind it, because he took pleasure in being thus taunted.

Another free-mason, of a still higher grade, was if possible turned into still greater ridicule by the *Cearense*. He had formerly been an apostle of free-masonry, now he dissuades others from joining by explaining to them the anti-Christian machinations of the order, secrets with which he was well acquainted, having once been proposed as Secretary of the *Grand-Orient*. This man had not missed a single one of my conferences and had proposed all his doubts, out of confession, before solemnly renouncing the sect.

Next to the free-masons, those who gave me most consolation were the pupils of the Lyceum and the *Caixeiros* (warehouse clerks). The influence of this class in Brazil is well known. The Bishop was more surprised at the success than anyone else, because they had gone so far as to insult his Lordship in the public streets. They came in crowds to me, so that confessions of students and clerks became proverbial in the whole city. These young people encouraged one another to approach the Holy Tribunal. They

confessed and communicated separately and returned for Corpus Christi. These are now our most intimate friends and that for more than one reason, as you will soon see.

As the Blessed Virgin recompensed my labor and fatigue with so much liberality, I proposed to have on the feast of Corpus Christi something unknown in this country—a general communion. Hearing too that no procession had taken place for some years, owing to want of funds, I proposed from the pulpit to renew this act of religion. I succeeded in both undertakings beyond my expectations. More than one thousand of the faithful received communion from the hands of the Bishop, and, for greater convenience, about five hundred others communicated in other Churches. Altogether nearly three thousand received Holy Communion. A well-informed person told me to-day that there were not so many Communions in the whole city during the last ten years as in the Cathedral alone on Corpus Christi. Nearly all the recently-converted free-masons, many men of every rank, young people and children, not excepting those who had but lately made their first communion, and in fine a great number of ladies took part in this general communion. I distributed as souvenirs of the month of Mary the prayer of Fr. Zucchi to the Blessed Virgin, the prayer of St. Aloysius, and the hymns of the month, in a Portuguese translation. I had read them several days in succession, and the people relished them so much, that many, to avoid forgetting them, wrote whilst I was saying them, and others came to ask me for them.

As to the procession of Corpus Christi, the President of the Province was the first to lend his assistance and contributed two thousand francs. This man came often to the conferences and gave me much encouragement. He ordered two battalions to accompany the procession, and he himself with all the high functionaries joined in the celebration with much display. But what proves how well

my words were attended to is, that having mentioned the European custom of strewing flowers on the streets and decorating the houses (a thing never done here), nearly all the private houses were adorned with hangings and the streets strewed with flowers. On our return to the Church I said a few words about the Holy Sacrament and retired; I had not entered the Sacristy when I was informed that the people were waiting for the exercises of the month of May; and that if I did not intend to have the accustomed devotions it would be well to announce it from the pulpit. The Church, nave and tribune, was filled with people; I judged at once that it would not be advisable to omit the ordinary sermon. I hastened to the Bishop's house to get my book, and on my return I had to wait half an hour for the musicians. During the interval the happy thought occurred to me of putting off the closing exercise until the following Sunday. Besides I felt urged to recommend in the last discourse devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Aloysius, to obtain for the people the virtue of purity, so difficult in this country. I made the announcement, telling them that I would for two days discourse on the Blessed Virgin, the Patron of Chastity, and finish on the following Sunday with an act of consecration to our Holy Mother. My words excited so much devotion towards St. Aloysius, that as we had neither statue nor painting of this Saint, the Bishop suggested that we might obtain from Messeggiana a statue given by the old Society. I encouraged all the young men to form in procession on the day assigned, recommending likewise the whole population to give an honorable reception to their Patron; and went myself for the statue, Messeggiana being two leagues from Fortaleza. I have today informed the President of my plans, that he may take all the precautions necessary for maintaining order. I hope that St. Louis of Gonzaga will do much for the youth of this city. The Bishop, whose name is Louis, had commenced a church in honor of his Patron, but, as it was too

small, all the work so far done was thrown down and a larger edifice begun. The President told me that the Architect had finished the new plan and that the Government would contribute 50,000 francs towards the erection of the new building. To-day (4th of June) I went to Messeggiana, where the Society formerly had a residence, to teach catechism to the Indians. The Church alone remains, the house having been razed to the ground with a Vandalism of which none but the partisans of Pombal could be guilty. I have seen the statue of St. Louis of Gonzaga: but in point of fact it is but the representation of St. Ignatius with the head of a child. Imagine a Saint clothed in the habit of the Society pointing with his right hand to an open book which he holds in his left, and judge if that is intended for a statue of St. Louis Gonzaga. Still the people honor it all the same, and this statue will certainly be liked by the young folks.

Another fruit of this month of Mary was the establishment of a society for Catholic instruction, proposed and in part planned by myself. Its object is to advance in knowledge its own members as well as others; and connected with it will be a newspaper, a printing office and a private library; a sermon and Benediction will be given for it in the Cathedral every Sunday. The Bishop is the Director of this association which was founded on the Feast of Corpus Christi.

(Another letter from Pernambuco completes the details given in the preceding.)

Pernambuco, June 22nd, 1872.

Fr. Onorati writes to tell us how he succeeded in conveying the statue of St. Aloysius from Messeggiana to Fortaleza. The inhabitants of the former city were at first unwilling to let him have the statue and difficulty was anticipated. Fr. Onorati remained with them for some days,

and so far won their good-will as to prevail on them to *lend* their statue to the people of Fortaleza. The contract for the loan (I do not know for how long a time) was drawn up with great solemnity in the Church, in the presence of a notary. Men and women, great and small, young and old, insisted on accompanying the statue by the almost impassable route. Fr. Onorati alone, with surplice and stole, went on horseback. When the procession arrived at some distance from Fortaleza, the whole city poured out to meet it, making the welkin ring with their joyous acclamations. Fr. Onorati says he never in his life saw so consoling a spectacle; he estimated the number present at about 25,000. At the city gates the military band joined them, and the statue of St. Aloysius was borne into the city with solemn ceremonies.

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

FOURTH LETTER.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

When last I took leave of my readers, I left them to muse over the beauties of Portland, the Archiepiscopal See of Oregon. It is the most important city of the State with a population of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is comfortably located on the banks of the Willamette river, some twenty miles above its confluence with the Columbia. It is connected by rail, and partly also by water, with the interior of the country and with Salem, the capital of the State.

From the convent and Academy conducted by the Sisters of the "*Names of Jesus and Mary*," and situated in an

elevated part of the city, a truly ravishing panorama is spread out before the gaze of the beholder. Everything there tells of nature's exhaustless resources and inimitable grandeur. But what chiefly lends sublimity to the picture, are the glaciers and snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Mountains. There are Mt. Hellen, Mt. Adams, Mt. Rainier, Mt. Jefferson and the Two Sisters—every one of them with an elevation of about twelve thousand feet; but far above them all towers aloft the giant form of Mt. Hood to a height of fourteen thousand feet—an eternal monument of Almighty power, compared to which the Titanic efforts of ambitious mortals are less than a grain of dust in the balance.

The Catholic population of Portland is almost exclusively Irish. I found only some forty German Catholic families, and a very slight sprinkling of French. In fact, along the whole Pacific Coast the Catholic element is represented by the ubiquitous sons of the Emerald Isle. Germans, French and Spaniards form but an insignificant minority. At the commencement of my missionary campaign in 1869, the Germans had not a single church of their own, until in San Francisco they secured the provisionary one mentioned in a former communication. I also succeeded, after great efforts, in obtaining another for them at Marysville, dedicated to Saint Theresa. In all other places they were obliged to go to the English or French Churches.

I had heard much of the influx of German Catholics to this part of the world, but a little personal experience soon corrected any misconceptions on this point. There is in reality no German Catholic Emigration worthy of the name to the Pacific. Even in San Francisco I found scarcely one fifth of the number accredited to that city. Instead of twenty thousand, as report would have it, I do not think that there are more than three or four thousand in all, practical and non-practical. In other localities, in which vast numbers were said to have congregated, I came across

only a few scattered families. I succeeded at last in tracing these exaggerated statements to their source. The priests, who are mostly Irish, French or Mexicans, took for granted that the Germans whom they knew, were nearly all Catholics, though not practical. You may imagine the surprise of these good pastors, when most of these supposed Catholics turned out to be either Protestants or Jews.

The reasons, which have so far kept the tide of German Catholic Emigration from flowing in this direction, are simple enough. California and the Pacific slope were first settled by adventurers, goaded on by an insatiate greed of gold and willing to do without any settled domicile or habitation. Such a life may suit the beggared *chevalier de fortune*, restless as the "Wandering Jew"—or the reckless *voyageur*, equally ready to pitch his tent upon the barren plain to-day and, like the roving Arabs, to fold it and plunge into deeper, lonelier solitude to-morrow. But your honest Catholic German, whose domestic virtues are proverbial, is none of these. He loves to linger about his homestead however humble, and to gather his children around the family hearth. It must go very hard with him before he can make up his mind to sunder the dearest, holiest ties that nature knows—those of kindred and of home.

Another reason was the difficulty of reaching the Pacific Coast in former times. To cross the never-ending plains with a team of oxen, which crept along at a snail's pace, was feasible for a Yankee or a Missouri farmer, but not for a German. To go by water and tempt the deep again, after the first experiment in the steerage of a leaky sailing vessel, was perhaps tolerable for an exile of Erin, accustomed from childhood up to see the threatening breakers dash against his native island, but it was not very inviting for an immigrant from the continent of Europe.

But more than all, the inland states had peculiar charms of their own. The region watered by the Mississippi and its

many tributaries was the "El Dorado" of the German. There he saw fertile fields, that were a more unfailing source of honest wealth than boasted mines of gold. Thither, too, many of his countrymen had already preceded him, and this fact alone was magic to his soul; for of the Germans in particular it is true, that "birds of a feather flock together." Hence it is, that throughout Ohio, Indiana, Wisconson, Iowa and Minnesota, they form the larger and wealthier Congregations, while in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic States they are but slimly represented. This obliged me to preach almost exclusively in English, and to content the Germans by hearing their confessions and giving them the leading points of the meditation or instruction in their own tongue.

The French, as far as I am aware, have four congregations on the Pacific Coast; and I gave missions to them also in their own churches. Where they had no separate parishes, but lived mixed up with the English speaking population, I did with them as I did with the Germans.

What a blessing it would be, if every missionary in the United States had the Apostolic gift granted to St. Francis Xavier! Then all his hearers might say of him as the Jews did on Pentecost day: "We have heard him in our own tongues speaking the wonderful works of God."

I have learned by sad experience to realize the difficulty of addressing congregations composed of different nationalities. It generally doubles the number of sermons and instructions to be given; and, as a mission usually lasts from eight to ten days, it becomes necessary to address the people in each language from thirty to forty times. In such cases the sermons and instructions are, of course, shortened; still they take up a considerable time and are much more fatiguing for the preacher than when he has to speak only in one language.

Even when one nationality is very slimly represented, and only the leading points of the meditations or instructions

are given, the work is not without its own peculiar inconveniences. Under the pressure of such circumstances I sometimes say jestingly to the pastors, that I would like to suggest, as an addition to the Litanies: "From mixed Congregations, deliver us, O Lord!" Even the Pastors themselves find it impossible to satisfy all the various nationalities that frequently make up the same congregation. Nor is this at all surprising since even the Apostles experienced this difficulty in their own day. For we read in Holy Writ: "Et factus est murmur inter Graecos et Hebraeos." Whereever it is possible, it is desirable for each nationality to have its own church; the peace and harmony thus secured are enough to outweigh any other considerations.

The first mission in Oregon took place in the Cathedral of Portland. It had been already announced, and began immediately upon my arrival there. Supposing that the reader would rather see an account by one who witnessed it than by the one who gave it, I send you an article from the pen of a certain Mr. Mc Cormick, one of the most respectable members of the Congregation. Each one will know how to make allowance for the enthusiasm of first impressions, in a region of the earth where the labors of a priest are apt to excite a degree of astonishment which they would not excite any where else; so, he will guard against ascribing to the missionary more than he would dare to claim for himself in the secrets of his own heart.

Oregon, Oct. 5th, 1869.

"The Catholics of Portland have recently enjoyed the rare blessing of a glorious mission conducted by the zealous missionary, Father F. X. Weninger, S. J., through whose perseverance and pious admonitions a most happy result has been accomplished. Our situation prior to the labors of the good missionary may well be compared to a garden which had been suffered to remain uncultivated for many years, where noxious weeds had supplanted the beautiful flowers which had hitherto blossomed within its boundaries. But Fr. Weninger came, and like a skilful gardener he uprooted the weeds of sin, and made the garden of our holy faith a blooming sanctuary of saved souls.

His plain language makes a lasting impression on the heart; but neither language nor eloquence can express the zeal which he infuses

into the hearts of his hearers, and the enthusiasm with which they enroll themselves under the standard of the Cross. With the blessing of God, all the good Father requires is that a tiny spark of Catholic faith should smoulder in the hearts of those who listen to him; and if they are true to themselves, and listen to his practical admonitions, he will not only fan that spark into a flame, but he will enkindle the fire of divine love in the hearts of all the faithful.

To say that his mission was a success, gives but a faint idea of the work achieved. The amount of good accomplished was almost miraculous. Many a poor soul who had wandered about for years, never knowing the consolations of our holy creed, and never tasting of the fruit of the tree of eternal life, has been recovered to purity and peace of conscience. God strengthen the good Father in his great work. May he live many years, so that he may be enabled to give renewals of the missions to every parish where he has erected a mission cross; and thus have the inexpressible joy of beholding visibly the fruit of his labors."

From the Capital of Oregon, I started to give a mission to a Canadian Congregation at a station called St. Louis. It was a relief to find that nearly all were French and acquainted with "la belle langue." Among those, who go by the name of French in the United States, and especially in Oregon, but few are natives of France; many are Canadians who have exchanged their own country for the States in order to improve their temporal condition. Quite a number of them pour into the North-Western portion of our Republic to trade and live with the Indians. They frequently intermarry with the wild men of the forests, and their children are called *Metives* or half-breeds. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that the French, who are the representatives of social refinement, are drawn, as it were, by a sort of fascination to amalgamate with these savages. Even Frenchmen of wealth and standing are found here, who prefer to link their fortunes to those of an Indian squaw rather than to a lady of their own race. It is a startling confirmation of the well-known proverb: "extrema tangunt,—extremes meet." The *Metives* or offspring of such marriages are a mixture of French and Indian in character as well as in blood; and it is interesting to note in them the vivacity of

one parent combined with the meditative seriousness of the other. On leaving the church after a sermon, these *Metives* may be often seen solitary and pensive, leaning on a fence and musing over what they have heard. Many of them speak, or at least understand, French enough to profit by a sermon. If they are unable to confess in French they do it by an interpreter.

And here I cannot but remark in passing, that the efficacy and power of a mission seem to be pretty much the same for all nationalities. The enlightening, touching and strengthening power of divine grace is equally great, no matter who are the hearers of God's holy Word. Though it has been my duty and my consolation for these twenty-five years to give missions in all the States from New York to Vancouver's Island, I have always found new reasons to admire the wonderful changes produced by the exercises of our Holy Founder, in all hearts and under all sorts of circumstances. What is especially remarkable is the unmistakable fact that these results are by no means due to the exertions of the Missionary, but purely to the mercy of Him, who says: "Miserebor cujus misereor, et misericordiam praestabo cujus misereor." It would really seem that the missionary, who sees these results for which he knows himself to be utterly insufficient, ought to be exempt from any failings of self-complacency and feel like exclaiming: "Digitus Dei est hic."

All nationalities evince the same zeal to profit by the affluence of graces, which generally attends the Spiritual Exercises and which at the very dawn of the Society made a Xavier, a Borgia and a Faber. The delicate, the sluggish and the indifferent, nay those who openly scoff at religion and profess a practical infidelity, feel the magic influence of the mission and brave heat and cold, snow and ice. One instance just now occurs to my mind. Last Winter, on one of the coldest days, a weak and infirm Irish lady came for a distance of thirteen miles, on foot and fasting, to

receive Communion and to assist at the mission. She was obliged to leave home shortly after two o'clock A. M. It was a bitter cold night, on the shores of Lake Michigan; and she was all alone. But faith can surmount all obstacles.

The zeal of the Germans was known to me of old in their own country. In the Tyrol, they would cross the Alps every day in winter, at an elevation of three or four thousand feet in order to attend a mission. They would form into caravans, all wearing snow-shoes; and joining hands they would form a long line across the mountains with the stoutest men at the head, and the weakest boys, girls and aged people making up the rear. Sometimes, as early as four o'clock in the morning, they would stand all covered with snow at the doors of the church. Still these sturdy mountaineers did not show more zeal to assist at a mission than do their countrymen in their adopted country on this side of the Atlantic. I shall refer to but one instance among many. I was giving a mission in Iowa. It was the day set apart for the special instruction of the married men and fathers of families.

At the very moment when the ceremony was to have begun the alarm was given that a prairie fire was raging in the neighborhood. We all proceeded to the door of the Church. The flames were advancing just in the direction of the barns, fences and houses of my audience. Instead of running at once to save their homesteads and crops, they called on me, ready to stay or go, as I should decide; for they were determined to stay and hear the sermon out, even at the risk of seeing their houses laid in ashes. I could not help exclaiming: "That's glorious!—I thank you for this example of zeal which you have given to hear the word of God. But hasten home now and save your worldly possessions; this is the will of God to-day." They did as I had bid them, and left me to admire their heroic determination to profit by the grace of the mission.

The same eagerness is found in the French. I should rather say that they distinguish themselves at a mission by more manifest signs of enthusiasm. At a mission given in a French country congregation, where even at Easter there had not been more than nine communicants, a hundred and nine young men stood before the confessional on the day set apart for them. I had to spend the whole night to hear them and to admit them to the Holy Table on the following day. In another French congregation the trustees of the Church advanced towards me on their knees to thank me in the name of the congregation for the mission I had given. Such edifying incidents might be multiplied *ad indefinitum ;* but I must return to my movements on the Pacific Coast.

During the mission at St. Louis a letter arrived from the Rev. Fr. Rector of St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, with a request to open a mission in the College Church on the Sunday before Advent and to continue it until the feast of the Immaculate Conception, on which day the Œcumenical Council at the Vatican was to be opened.—I had therefore, to return immediately to San Francisco.

Immediately after the close of the mission I took the stage from St. Louis to Portland. What a dreadful journey! It suggested another addition to the Litanies: "From a stage ride in Oregon and Washington Territory, deliver us, O Lord!" One day's travelling on such a vehicle and on such a road shakes one's bones a hundred times more than the thousands of miles from Cincinnati to San Francisco.

I often thank heaven for the application of steam to travelling purposes, while I recall the humorous remark ascribed to the great St. Philip Neri "All is vanity except a carriage on a muddy road." Steam and Electricity make us almost ubiquitous, and give us advantages for the promotion of God's greater glory, never possessed by our zealous fore-fathers. What precious auxiliaries they are to a Jesuit whose first rule says: "Nostrae vocationis est

diversa loca peragrare." If it were only as easy to observe all our Rules as this, I should not have much reason to envy Blessed Berchmans and feel ashamed of myself.

On arriving at Columbia Bar, we found the Pacific in a fearful state of commotion. One steamer had lain for eight days beyond the bar unable to cross it; our position was worse, for we had the storm and the Pacific Ocean full against us. It was already Winter; and in Winter the South wind almost continually lashes the Pacific Ocean into a fury and dashes its maddened waves against the Bar; whilst in Summer the North wind predominates, driving the waves of the Ocean back from the Bar and aiding the course of navigation.

On the first day we tried twice to cross the Bar, but the steamer was only tossed to and fro and exposed to constant danger of being lost. All was useless. We had to give it up and draw back.—During the day I frequently heard the exclamation: "Some Jonas aboard." Such is the superstition of a certain class of seamen, resting on the Scripture story about the disobedient prophet, that they look upon the presence of a priest as a presage of storm and disaster. But observing a change in the air and trusting to a coming northern breeze, I too exclaimed in a loud voice: "Yes, some Jonas aboard; but to-morrow you'll be glad of it, because we shall pass over the Bar." In fact during the night, a strong northern gale arose. We crossed the Bar and moved rapidly onward. The effect was that even Jews, who had laughed when they heard Jonas mentioned, now said publicly: "'Tis a good thing, after all, to have a missionary aboard."

There is a large number of Jews on the Pacific Coast; but most of them belong to the so-called Reformed Israelites, who are, compared to the legal, old Asiatic or Polish Jews, what Protestants are to Catholics. They make light of the Old Law and believe what they please. Very often they are simply Deists, believing in the existence of a God

and nothing else. There is also a number of orthodox Jews on the coast, who have their own synagogues apart from the others. These, as might be expected, are scandalized by the lawless behavior of their Reformed brethren; and they became quite exasperated at table, when they heard the Reformed Jews calling with a loud voice for "ham!! ham!!"

I was particularly amused by the presence of a man who belonged to the so-called sect of the Millenarians. These fanatics think that the elect will celebrate the millenium or revel of a thousand years on earth, and that the time for it is at hand. They have a kind of meeting-house in San Francisco, and pretend that Adam and Eve are already back on Earth, waiting for the commencement of this fabled era. Who would believe that well-educated persons would be so blind as to throw themselves into the arms of this absurd denomination. Yet such is actually the fact. The man I refer to, indulged in scribbling poems during our voyage, and certainly possessed some ability and training. I asked him where Adam and Eve might be found. He answered with a solemn countenance and in dead earnest: "They live in the Blue Mountains of Oregon; I have just visited them, and brought them a collection from the members of our denomination in San Francisco." Poor Adam and Eve, who have to subsist on a collection taken up for them in San Francisco!! They certainly deserve our pity. They must feel rather uncomfortable in their Paradise among the Blue Mountains of Oregon.

This gentleman also told me, that the members of his denomination will try to spread over the globe and make proselytes. "I guess you are a missionary?" said he to me; "so am I." I asked him if he meant to make me also a member of his sect. "Certainly," replied he, and looked at me with an expression characteristic of methodist preachers. "If so," said I, "let me have a little talk with you;—do you believe that the Holy Scripture is the word of God and contains the truth?" "Yes, we do."—"How then do you

expect a millenium now, before the resurrection?"— He denied a future resurrection, and said that his sect admits only a kind of transmigration of souls. I then urged the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians. Seeing that he could not escape, he became so excited that he broke up the interview, exclaiming: "I don't care anyhow what St. Paul says. He was a proud man, and a proud man cannot be trusted." I smiled, and he gave up the hope of my conversion. After a very prosperous voyage, we reached San Francisco on the fourth day, in good time to begin the mission at St. Ignatius'.

This mission lasted twelve (12) days and was a source of great consolation to me. As our congregation in San Francisco is very numerous and the occasion was a very solemn one, the concourse of people was immense. At the instruction for the girls alone over two thousand were present, and there were about ten thousand communions in all. At the renewal of the baptismal vows, the younger members of our sodalities, who had just made the first communion, surrounded the baptismal font in the sanctuary. They were decorated with their badges, and behaved in so edifying a manner, and were so earnest in their responses, that the whole congregation which packed the Church lifted up their hands to heaven, and made the arches of the large edifice resound with the words: "A Catholic I am, a Catholic I will remain, a Catholic I will live, a Catholic I will die. Amen, amen." Never will those present at the time forget this impressive scene. On the last day, after the blessing of the mission cross, I usually allow the mothers to come with all their children, including their babes, in order to bless them, and to start the Society of the Holy Infancy. This time at St. Ignatius' the children offered 250 dollars in gold.

I had still to give a mission to the French before the close of the year. They have a Church of their own in San Francisco; but only some females used to frequent it. Indeed, it was said that, with very few exceptions, French-

men were no longer seen at Church in San Francisco. An occasion soon offered itself to convince me of their sad condition. Happening to meet a French workman in the yard of the priest's house, whilst giving the mission at St. Francis, I asked him, "Are you a Frenchman?" "Oui, mon père." "Then I suppose you are a Catholic?" "Oui, je suis un Catholique, Romain, Apostolique." "Do you understand English?" "Oui, mon père." "Do you come to the mission?" "Non, mon père." "Why not?" "Il faut travailler." "But in the evening?" "Je suis fatigué." "Mais le dimanche?" "Il faut se promener." "When did you go to confession last?" "Oh! c'est long temps passé." "Why do you not go to confession?" "Je n'aime pas la confession." "And you say that you are a Catholic?" "Oui, je vous l'ai déjà dit, je suis un Catholique Romain, Apostolique."

There is a great difference between the Frenchman and German. The Frenchman, though he does not practice his religion, so long as he does not become a positive infidel, always retains in his heart some esteem for our holy faith. In this, as in other points, he resembles his Irish brother.

However disheartening this state of things might be, I determined to make the best of it. I began the mission, trusting in nothing but the infinite mercy of God, and I was not disappointed.—There were even more men than women at the sermons and confessions: and the most consoling thing of all was that the fruit of the mission proved lasting. The pastor told me that during the following Eastertide more than seven hundred persons approached the sacred table, while before the mission there had been but few Easter confessions. I celebrated Christmastide with the German congregation—preached on the evening of the last day of the year, and together with them chanted the "*Te Deum*," thanking God especially for the graces bestowed on me and my labors during the missions on the Pacific Coast.

Yours truly,

F. X. Weninger, S. J.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS AT WOODSTOCK.

Collegium Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu.
Woodstock, June 20th, 1873.

The scholastic year, just passed away with its fleetness of ceaseless action, has left on Woodstock the impress of many a beautiful change. Not only has the shaggy back of the hill which looked bleak into the house, given way to the practical skill of some and the devoted self-sacrifice of others; not only have we smoothed with green the lawn that takes its place, circled it with pines, and set its centre with ornamental vases; not only have we girded the beauty of the garden and lawn with a walk that winds in the shadow of the trees which crown the hill: but over the beds of our flowering garden, over the valley, its river, and the wooded hills beyond, we have set the crown of all, the image of the Eternal son of God with His Sacred Heart, as the remembrancer of a great and memorable event, as the seal of the solemn and perpetual consecration of Woodstock College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Why this house has been specially consecrated to the Heart of Jesus, may be gathered from the introduction of Very Rev. Fr. Provincial's Exhortation, given to the community on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and which we desire to preface with a brief account of the consecration, and of the dedication of its memorial.

Both took place on the evening of the Feast. At the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 6 o'clock, P. M., and immediately before the *Tantum Ergo*, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial solemnly read the act of consecration of the College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Immediately after the Benediction, we left the chapel and went in procession to the front of the house. All bore burning tapers and in the way chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Arrived at the monument, the ranks filed off into the garden walks, while Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, assisted by Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Sestini, remained in front of the statue, in order to perform the blessing.

There was no unveiling of the statue to gratify the vanity of an artist, or to fill with admiration the first gaze of a multitude in suspense. To our thoughts the image unveiled the figure of the unseen God, the beautiful form of the Lord pointing to His Sacred Heart. Nor was there a festive oration to awaken the great thoughts that slumber in the souls of men, for such a one we had heard the evening before, and the eloquent voice of Him, "like whom none ever spoke," sounded in secret through the hearts of many and filled them with thoughts no less than divine. But there was the solemn chant of the choir, there was the holy presence of a religious community, and, at last, the blessing of the monument according to the short but sacred rite of the Church.

When Very Rev. Fr. Provincial had finished this ceremony, we returned in procession to the house, singing as we went the "*Laudamus Dominum*"—our song of praise and thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the blessings with which It had crowned Its own Feast in this Its own College, and among us, the students of the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

A few words now about the monument. It is situated in the centre of our little flower garden, about one hundred feet from the house, and opposite the main entrance. Upon six feet of mason-work, which rises three feet above the level of the garden and is covered with a green mound, there rests a pedestal of granite, massive and simple, with marble tablets in its four sides. This base is seven feet eight inches high. Upon it stands the statue which is made

of zinc, is painted white, and at some distance looks like marble. The monument faces the South, and the marble tablet on this side bears the following inscription in the lapidary style:

CORDI
IESV · SERVATORIS
SANCTISSIMO
IN · CVIVS · FIDE
COLLEGII · AEDES
SVNT
AEREVM · SIGNVM
SODALES
AMORIS
ET · GRATI · ANIMI
CAVSSA
PP ·

below which the date is engraven on polished granite.

X · KAL · IVL · AN · M · DCCC · LXXIII

The following inscriptions are on the tablets facing East, West and North, respectively:

O · CAELI
TERRAEQVE · POTENS
CLIENTVM · PRECIBVS
FAVETO
ELEMENTORVM · IRAS
AB · AEDIBVS
TARTAREI · HOSTIS
INSIDIAS
ET · VISOS
INVISOSQVE · MORBOS
AB · INCOLIS
DEFENDITO

TIBI
HAEC · ARVA · RIDENT
ATQVE
AGGERE · COMPLANATO
HAE · FLORIBVS
NITENT · AREOLAE
ET
PVBES · VNDIQVE · ACCITA
VIRTVTIBVS
SCIENTIIS · QVE
ADOLESCIT.

QVAS
CIRCVM · CERNIS
CHRISTO · VRNAE
FLORIBVS · HALANT
NE · CARPE
INCESTO · POLLICE
QVISQVE · FVAS

Looking at the monument as it stands, there is nothing that might be called strikingly grand. But it nevertheless embodies the truest conception of the Man-God. The broad, solid, and endurable base of granite reminds one of the unshaken and immovable throne of God. On it stands the white statue, calm and majestic, imaging the Lord as He appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. The calm countenance bends down upon you with heavenly serenity, the left hand points to the Heart of Love, while the right holds the fold of the sacred robe. Lower, perhaps, and nearer the earth than some would have it, the image stands before you with the attractive majesty of our Leader, and the divine humility of the Man-God.

Such is the memorial of the solemn consecration of this College to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, such the divine seal that has been stamped upon this irrevocable act. May it re-

mind us and those who come after us of the deep meaning of this solemn consecration in thoughts, if not so beautiful, still ever as salutary, as those which, on the eve of the Feast, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial proposed for our consideration.

CONSECRATION OF WOODSTOCK COLLEGE TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS ON THE FEAST OF THE S. HEART, 20 June, 1873.

"*I have sanctified this house to put my name there forever: and my eyes and my heart shall be there always.*" (iii. Kings 9.)

Reverend Fathers and dearly beloved Brethren in the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

At the close of the last visitation of this house, the following words were recorded in the book of the memorials:

"At a meeting of the Fathers called during the official visit to this house, on the 24th of April, 1873, it was proposed and unanimously resolved that Woodstock College should be specially consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that its title in the Catalogue of the Province should be 'Collegium Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu;'* and that the Sacred Heart of Jesus should be considered as the principal Patron, and its Feast the Titular Feast of the College."

We have reason to thank God for this pious inspiration which He sent, and for the happy resolution which it prompted and which we fulfil on this ever-memorable day. We may look upon it as an evidence of God's special love; since He designs to apply to this house, with a peculiar significance those wonderful and consoling words: "I have sanctified this house to put my name there forever; and my eyes and my heart shall be there always." Henceforth this house shall be a holy house; a temple sacred to the

* The legal title remains as fixed in the Charter: "Woodstock College;"—and the Post-office address continues as before.

Divine Heart, which is to reign in it forever as its King, to dwell in it as its Father. And we, who dwell here with this Divine Heart, and all those who shall follow us, will be the servants of this glorious Master, the children of the tenderest of Fathers. On us His eyes will ever rest with pleasure; on us His Heart will ever shed Its best love, Its choicest graces.

The Spirit of God, which fills the whole earth, and which is the animating principle of the Church, has, in all ages, suggested and inspired the means best adapted to ward off the dangers that threatened the faithful at various times, and has produced in the Church a sort of divine instinct, secret but irresistible, unconscious but infallible, which urged the faithful now to one, now to another precaution, caused now this devotion to predominate, now that pious practice to be adopted; pointed to-day to one danger as it arose, to-morrow to another which succeeded. And thus forewarned and forearmed, the Church has baffled the best-laid plans for her destruction and triumphed over the hidden, as well as over the open assaults of her enemies. In our days, if there is one feeling in the great heart of the Church more intense, if there is one impulse of that divine instinct more powerful than another, who can doubt that it is the feeling which inspires confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the impulse which presses the faithful to fly to it, as to a city of refuge, to dwell in it, as in a secure asylum? A spirit has gone forth upon the Church in all lands; it has breathed upon all peoples. The captive Pontiff has felt it on his throne. The Princes of the Church have been moved by its power. Cities and Dioceses, Kingdoms and nations have owned its influence; and down to the humblest of the children of the Church, the gentle whispering of that spirit has been heard. It is the spirit of consecration, of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This spirit has taken possession of the entire body of the Church; it has permeated all its members; and to the eye

of faith, the Church presents to-day a spectacle similar to that which was witnessed in the days that preceded the deluge;—a long, earnest, fearful, yet hopeful procession from every land under heaven, of those who are not to perish, crowding towards the Ark of Salvation, taking refuge in the Heart of Jesus. A mysterious voice seems to have spoken to the heart of the Church, and told of evil days that are at hand, of dark storms lurking behind the horizon; but at the same time, suggested the refuge in which her children would be secure. And therefore we have heard of cities and dioceses consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; of kingdoms and nations, of entire Religious Orders, of associations, of congregations, communities, civil and military as well as religious, devoting themselves by public and solemn acts of consecration to the same Divine Heart. Our Society was specially favored by being among the first to feel this holy and salutary inspiration, and we still remember with joy and gratitude, the consolation, the courage, the hope which our solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart diffused throughout all the provinces and houses of the Society.

And as we had reason then to praise the goodness of our Lord for drawing the Society to a more intimate union with His Sacred Heart, so we may thank Him again to-day for deigning to unite us and this house to It in the still closer bonds of a special consecration.

There is indeed a deep significance in the grace vouchsafed to us on this day. It is a warning; it is a protection; it is a promise of a glorious victory.

1. It is a warning. For, this divine impulse which bids us devote ourselves entirely to the Sacred Heart, signifies to us that there are special dangers to be met, more subtle, or more violent attacks to be sustained, against which our only defence will be the power, the love, the compassion of that Heart, in which power, love and compassion are infinite. It is a warning which tells us, in a manner which ex-

cludes all doubt or hesitation, that unless we shelter ourselves in this Heart, we shall find no other asylum equally secure against the coming dangers. It is a warning, because it bids us understand what is meant by being consecrated entirely and unreservedly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. For, our consecration must not be a mere passing ceremony, splendid and consoling while it lasts, but soon to be forgotten and leaving no trace after it. If we are truly consecrated to the Sacred Heart, our lives must give evidence of it; our minds, our hearts, our time, our labor, our energies must be sacrificed on the Altar of the Sacred Heart, and our entire being must be devoted to Its glory. To be consecrated to the Sacred Heart, is to be totally vowed to Its interests, to the increase of love towards It, to the diffusion of Its graces over the hearts of men. It is to be the faithful and zealous servants of that Divine Heart, ever watchful, ever laboriously promoting Its glory; ever lovingly devising new proofs of attachment. It is, to be the valiant soldier of the Sacred Heart, never sleeping at his post, never deserting his standard, never shrinking from hardship in Its service, ever eager to defend Its honor, to extend Its conquests, to lead the hearts of men captive to Its love.

Such is the warning we receive to-day; and such should be our life-long interpretation of its meaning.

2. And if we thus understand the warning, then our consecration to the Sacred Heart will be real, sincere and lasting; and therefore, it will also be a defence and a protection, as well as a promise of victory.

Now, since our vocation is, to sanctify our own soul and to labor successfully for the salvation of others, that which most effectually secures this twofold object, will be at once our safety against a fall, our help to advance in perfection, and a fruitful benediction on our labors for others. But what can be a more abundant source of grace for our own advancement in virtue than that Heart in which all virtue

is centred, from which alone all virtue proceeds? what means can be more efficacious for our own sanctification than that devotion to which our Lord Himself has promised the most boundless effusion of every grace? To be a perfect Religious, a worthy companion of Jesus, is to be truly humble, obedient, poor, chaste, mortified, patient, charitable, meek and uncomplaining. O look at that Divine Heart, and tell me where you will find those virtues in equal perfection and with equal eagerness to well up from their deep fountains and to pour themselves out in copious streams, to flood your hearts with their heavenly wealth of beauty, of joy and of merit? If you desire to find Religion a Paradise of delights, an Eden of endless fertility and of unbroken peace, let it be the Paradise of the Sacred Heart, with Its warm sunshine to illumine and Its rich streams to give birth to the flowers and the fruits. Live in this Heart, feast upon Its manna, grow into Its likeness, imbibe Its spirit, imitate Its virtues: in a word, be devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and not only shall you be secure against all danger of being overcome by the deceits of your enemies, but you will find the practice of religious virtue a delight, you will advance in perfection, as it were, without effort, as if you were borne along by a power not your own; you will be the ornaments of your holy mother, the Society of Jesus, the true children of St. Ignatius.

3. And if your hearts are then filled with the spirit and the virtues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; if you go forth from this house armed with this devotion and animated with the zeal which it will produce within you, can you doubt that you have a promise of victory; can you doubt that your labors will be blessed with abundant fruit; that you will repulse with triumphant energy every assault of the devil and the world upon the citadel entrusted to your valor? . . . the Sacred Heart itself is your warrant of success. It has promised victory to its followers and has told

them that no power should resist them. The hardest hearts shall melt at their word; the most obstinate sinners shall be conquered by their zeal; the most inveterate abuses shall yield to their gentle but mysteriously invincible power.

And all these promises both of grace for ourselves and of power over the souls of others, are peculiarly our own. It is to us, in a special manner, that this treasure is confided to enrich our own hearts and to adorn the hearts of our neighbors. The Divine Heart of Jesus draws us to itself with special predilection and looks to us for the extension of its love, the spread of its devotion. And to-day, it receives us into the ranks of its most devoted followers, into the number of its Apostles. This house becomes a sanctuary of the Sacred Heart; a sacred school in which we shall learn from It how we must combat, how we may triumph. Here, in this happy abode, our hearts will be filled with the choicest graces, with the zeal, the prudence, the charity, the ardent love for God, the heroic fortitude, the divine and all-subduing power, which we shall need in future years on the battle-fields of the world. This house becomes a centre of apostolic fervor, a brightly burning furnace of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and from this centre that apostolic fervor will carry this devotion in rays of purest light to the ends of the earth, everywhere dissipating the darkness of error, ending the long night of sin and shedding life and beauty, grace and strength upon the hearts of men.

May this house then be ever worthy of the glorious title which this day bestows upon it:

"THE COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS."

College, because it is a house in which many are assembled for a common purpose; College, because its members are devoted to the study of science: but College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, because they are assembled in that Name and cultivate science for the glory of that Heart: College

of the Sacred Heart, because they that dwell in it are the servants, the clients, the children, the disciples of that Heart; because their only study is to learn the lessons which that Heart teaches and because all other study is directed to this end, animated and elevated by this intention, sanctified by the ardent desire to enlighten the hearts of others with this heavenly wisdom; College of the Sacred Heart, because that Divine Heart presides over it as its chief and only true Superior and Father; and all its inmates obey its voice, love its commands, fulfil its precepts and strive in all things to merit its approval: because that Heart is the Master whose lessons are heard and esteemed above all other lessons; whose wisdom guides all other study, and in whose truly divine science alone all other sciences find their origin and first principles, their truth, the solution of their difficulties and the beauty of their final perfection. In a word, College of the Sacred Heart, because it educates the Apostles of devotion to it. This is to be the chief glory of this house, the brightest ornament in its crown, as well as the chief and sole end of its existence and its labors.

Its aim henceforward is, to train up men filled with the spirit of the Sacred Heart and send them forth to pour out this spirit, which alone can renew the face of the earth; its joy shall be to witness this glorious renewal effected by its Apostles; its crown—truly a crown of joy and a diadem of exultation, such as no mortal monarch ever bound around his brow,—hearts, once blackened with crimes, once wounded and bleeding, now healed, purified, made beautiful in their resemblance to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; hearts won by these Apostles of the Sacred Heart and brought back as a tribute and as trophies to this source of their happiness and their salvation.

CHURCHVILLE, BERKS CO., PA.

From a letter to Revd. Fr. Provincial, from Fr. Bally, S. J., Pastor of the Catholic Church in Churchville, Berks Co., Pa., we quote the following :

"On last Sunday, (July 6th) our Church was the scene of a most consoling and edifying ceremony. The Revd. Edward Forney, Pastor of the German Reformed Church in Norristown, made a formal abjuration of heresy, according to the formula adopted by the last Council of Baltimore, and was received into the Catholic Church. Mr. George Wolff, Editor of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard, and Professor Budd, also of Philadelphia, both converts, were present at the ceremony, the former acting as sponsor. Fr. Schleuter and Revd. Fr. McDermott, of St. John's Church, Philadelphia, assisted in the administration of the Sacrament. Everything was done in Latin, with which all those present were familiar. Mr. Forney made a triduum preparatory to his reception into the Church, to the devotions of which he was strongly attached even before the time of his abjuration; indeed it has even been his habit for the last two years to recite daily the Rosary of the B. V. Mary. Though but twenty-two years old, Mr. Forney has graduated in two Colleges and is an excellent English and Classical scholar. Being unmarried, he will be free to follow, without difficulty, his natural inclination, to enter the ecclesiastical state, though he will take a month to reflect and decide upon the course he will now adopt. Before his abjuration he took leave of his former congregation in an affectionate letter, stating that though reason and conscience forced him to embrace the Catholic faith, still he would always continue to think kindly of them and pray for them as before. He is not without great hope that some of his former flock will follow his example."

OBITUARY.

Since our last issue, two members of our community have been called to their rest; on June the 19th, the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Father Dominic Franchini departed this life, and about a month later, July 15th, Father Felix Cicaterri. In making this announcement, we do not propose to give any account of their holy and laborious lives, but, leaving the meritorious record to our Lord, who knows and will reward it, we beg for our dear departed the prayers of all our brethren whom this news will reach.

Father Franchini had been in America but one year, and this he spent in Woodstock, as Professor of Moral Theology. Before he came, the very delicate state of his health was well known to superiors, but not a little hope of staying the progress of his decline was based on his residence in a new climate. With the exception of very few days, he taught his class regularly, and resigned it only when entering on the four weeks' sickness which closed his holy life. His gentle, cheerful and saintly disposition received fresh development during his last illness; resigned to die, or rather joyous in the anticipation of his early release, he had but one source of anxiety, the dread of being an annoyance to others, and to the last the most trifling service rendered never failed to win from him a word, or at least a smile, of grateful recognition. His ardent devotion to our Lord's Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, his tender, filial trust in Mary's help, and his truly singular purity of soul, met their reward in his last hour. Calmly, and with very little struggle, he breathed his last a few minutes before 10, P. M., on the Eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Not for his

learning or labors, though eminent in the one and prodigal in the other, was he most precious whilst here, or is he now deplored: the virtues of his soul, native and unadorned, and those new ones that grace and coöperation gained for him, were his greatest treasure and our greatest loss; a loss however that we bear not with sorrow, but with sweet joy for the gain it has brought to our dear Father.

About 2, P. M., on July the 15th, the feast of B. Azevedo and his martyred companions, the venerable Fr. Cicaterri entered into rest. In January last, he came to Woodstock to assume the post of Spiritual Father, and in the service of our community he bravely spent the last months of an eventful life. For many years a complication of diseases made him a terrible sufferer, but his indomitable will and wonderful force of character seemed to render him superior to physical weakness. His condition grew alarming about the beginning of June, and it was evident that no human means would avail to save his life. Just at that time workmen were laying the foundations of the monument to the Sacred Heart, the erection of which is noticed in these pages, and, receiving a new impulse from the happy occasion that was drawing near, the whole community confidently turned to our Lord, and sought from Him the lives of our two sick Fathers. God willed otherwise; on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Father Franchini was, we hope, among the Sacred Heart's adorers in heaven. Father Cicaterri gathered strength to drag himself to the window of his room, whence he witnessed the ceremony of blessing the statue, but he never afterwards left his room.

The closing scenes of his life were in example a worthy complement of the exhortations with which for so many years he had urged on his brethren in the path of virtue. The remarkable spirit of prayer, which had characterized his life from the noviceship up, failed him not at its close. He prayed always and with great unction. Even when his weakness was such that he was forced to keep his bed

throughout the day, he would make an heroic effort and struggle to the Altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Superiors remonstrated with him for so severely taxing his waning strength, but he answered: "Do not, I beg of you, deprive me of a single Mass; they are all precious to me now. The time is coming soon when I would give anything to offer the Holy Sacrifice, and I shall not be able."

The last weeks of his life greatly intensified his sufferings, but his patience and courage grew in proportion. When the hour of death came, it found him composed and hopefully waiting for the command to go forth. Surrounded by the members of the community, not a few of whom had been his novices, while the prayers of the Church were being recited, his purified soul passed out of this life.

"*Laetentur omnes qui sperant in te: in aeternum exultabunt et habitabis in eis.* [Ps. v.

D. O. M.

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